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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3080

7 SEPTEMBER 1960

	Page
GOING PLACES:	420
<i>Going places to eat</i>	
by John Baker White	420
<i>Going places late</i>	
by Douglas Sutherland	421
<i>Going places abroad</i> by Doone Beal	422
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	443
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	425
FEATURES	
<i>Ustinov off set</i>	432
<i>How to burn M.P. for life</i>	
by Eric Walmsley	435
<i>The name's not quite the same</i>	
photographed by Betty &	
J. Allan Cash	436
<i>Should composers conduct?</i>	
by Spike Hughes & Alan Vines	439
LORD KILBRACKEN	
<i>If I won the Irish Sweep</i>	442
FASHION	
<i>The new English schoolgirl</i>	444
COUNTERS & covers Vinyl	451
VERDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	452
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	453
<i>on books</i> by Sirioli Hugh-Jones	454
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	454
<i>on galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	456
GOOD LOOKS	
<i>First folio on beauty</i>	459
MOTORING	
by Gordon Wilkins	460
MAN'S WORLD	
by Johnathon Radcliffe	461
DINING IN	
by Helen Burke	463
Classified announcements	
begin on page 464	

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NO CHANGE IN OUR PRICE...



Sitting pretty and looking pretty is one of the new English schoolgirls, photographed by JOHN COLE. This uniform belongs to Felixstowe School, where since the war a total redesign has been made, with suggestions and vetting by the girls. For some of the other designs that are taking the hate out of school clothes for girls, turn to page 444

SOME READERS write to say that The Tatler has changed, and how much they like it. A few write to complain about it. Well, it is true that the magazine looks different and contains many new things. But there is one thing that has not changed *and is not changing*: the price. The Tatler continues to sell at two shillings. In an age when a West End cup of coffee can cost as much, this figure makes it unique in its field. No other glossy magazine touching on society news costs less than 2s. 6d.—and of course no other glossy magazine can compare with The Tatler for society coverage. In addition the magazine now interprets society interests in their widest sense, trying to reflect with a lively and original approach the many-sided contemporary lives of its growing circle of readers. There is one other way in which The Tatler is unique: it is produced to standards of presentation unequalled by any weekly published in Britain.

If all this sounds like boasting, you are invited to judge the truth of it in this week's issue. The society news comes from the north, where Muriel Bowen has been attending social function gatherings on both sides of the Border (page 425 onwards). . . . The fashion section breaks new ground with a report on *The new English schoolgirl*. As many parents will be discovering about now, the Searle-style gym tunic and its associated horrors are on the way out. Norman Eales's charming pictures show the changes (page 444 onwards). . . . Peter Ustinov, that extraordinary personality whose new book *Ustinov's diplomats* is amusing America, is seen as a family man in some new photographs from Hollywood, where he has been living during the filming of his latest picture *Spartacus* (page 432, *Ustinov off set*). . . . Spike Hughes also contributes, with an amusing piece on *Should composers conduct?* (page 439). . . .

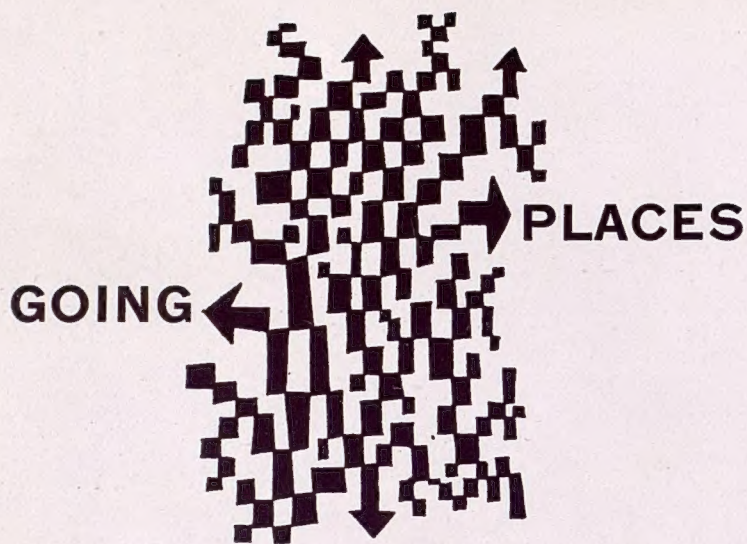
Also in this issue: One of India's most fascinating cities, which the Queen may visit next year (*The name's not quite the same*, page 436). . . . Lord Kilbracken, dreaming about *If I won the Irish Sweep* (page 442). . . . Eric Walmsley warning would-be aspirants to Parliament (page 435)

Next week: Saying goodbye to summer. . . .

P.S.:



Shirley Harrison could hardly have timed it better when she wondered (24 August, page 337) how much longer Timbuktu's new political status would last. The Federation of Mali, in which Timbuktu is situated, broke up the next weekend! . . . *Holes in Hadrian's Wall* (17 August) had one big hole of its own. Owing to a mix-up by an agency the picture said to be of Dr. Campbell MacInnes was actually of Canon J. M. Campbell. Apologies to both gentlemen. Dr. MacInnes, who is the Archbishop in Jerusalem, is shown here



SOCIAL

Première of "Waiting in the Wings," by Noël Coward, today at the Duke of York's Theatre, St. Martin's Lane.

Edinburgh Festival, to 10 September.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, Aberdeenshire, tomorrow.

Farnborough Air Display, 9-11 September.

A Bill at Dunster Castle (by permission of Mrs. Geoffrey Luttrell), 16 September, in aid of the Order of St. John in Somerset. Tickets: £2 10s. from the Hon. Secretary, St. John House, Park Street, Taunton.

Camberley, Staff College & R.M.A. Sandhurst Horse Show, 17 September.

Royal Preview of "Man in the Moon," starring Kenneth More, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of King George's Jubilee Trust, 31 October. To be attended by the Queen & Prince Philip and by the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester. Tickets: from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

SPORT & SHOWS

Racing: St. Leger, Doncaster, 10 September.

Cricket: Champion County v. The Rest, the Oval, 10-12 September; Scarborough Cricket Festival, to 9 September.

Golf: West of England Open Amateur Championship, Burnham-on-Sea, today to 10 September; Scarborough Open Golf Week, 12-17 September.

Motor Boat Racing: Battle of

Britain Trophy, Lowestoft, 8 September.

Sailing: Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, to 10 September.

Tennis: Junior Championships of Great Britain, Wimbledon, to 10 September; South of England Championships, Eastbourne, to 13 September.

Thame Show, 15 September.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. Season by the Royal Opera, Stockholm, 7.30 p.m., to 10 September. *The Ring*, 16, 21, 26, 30 September (first 7.30 p.m., rest 6 p.m.). (cov 1066.)

Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall. First performances, *Coppelia*, 10 September, *Etudes*, 13 September. 8 p.m., matinées Weds., Sats., 2.30 p.m. To 17 September. (WAT 3191.)

Three Choirs Festival, Worcester Cathedral, to 9 September.

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, Mon.-Sat., 7.30 p.m., to 17 September. (KEN 8212.)

ART

Picasso Exhibition (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

James McNeill Whistler (paintings & other works), Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 24 September.

Contemporary Paintings, Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, to 30 September.

Regency Exhibition, Brighton, Sussex, to 30 September.

EXHIBITIONS & FAIRS

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, to 8 September.

British Food Fair, Olympia, to 17 September.

International Salon of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, to 1 October.

British Book Production Exhibition, National Book League, Albemarle Street, to 24 September.

SALVADOR DALI'S "Living Flower" will be in the exhibition of his jewellery at Sotheby's from 14 September-8 October, in aid of the Rebuilding Fund of the Great Ormond St. Children's Hospital

GARDENS

Chartwell, Westerham, Kent (home of Sir Winston & Lady Churchill), open today.

Holdenby House, Northants, open Sundays in September, 2.30 p.m.-6.30 p.m.

FIRST NIGHTS

Duke of York's. *Waiting In The Wings*, tonight.

Scala. Little Ballet Troupe of Bombay, 12 September.

Cambridge. *Billy Liar*, 13 September.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *An Italian Straw Hat*, 15 September.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's, see page 452.

The Art Of Living. "... one feels a helpless warming of the heart ...

deftly arranged ... a bright and lively little show." Hiram Sherman, Graham Stark, Carole Shelley, Judy Bruce. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's, see page 453.

G.R. = General release

Les Fanatiques. "... the tension ... is almost unbearable—and the last 10 minutes will have you writhing in empathetic agony." Michel Auclair, Pierre Fresnay, Gregoire Aslan, Tilda Thamar. (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744.)

Light Up The Sky. "... admirably directed and vastly entertaining slice of army life as it was lived here in 1940. ..." Ian Carmichael, Benny Hill, Tommy Steele, Sydney Tafler. G.R.



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Ritz Hotel Restaurant, Piccadilly. (HYD 8181.) It is remarkable how the Ritz hotels—whether in London, Paris, Madrid or Barcelona—retain their dignity, individuality and sumptuous Edwardian charm. This restaurant has all these qualities. Food, wines and service are of a high standard—and not nearly so expensive as might be expected. For those of my generation, it is a place of memories, of a gaiety of heart that may never be known again.

Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High Street. (WES 1293 & 8448.) Open 12 noon to 11.30 p.m. every day including Sundays. This must be the most recommended Chinese restaurant in all London, and, in my opinion, it deserves to be. The food is excellent, served in attractive dishes. The décor is modern, clean-cut and original, the service first-class. It is fully licensed and spotlessly clean. The clientele is international, smart and amusing. W.B.

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road. (FRE 0200.) C.S. A small restaurant with a pleasant atmosphere only 100 yards from the West London Air Terminal. There is nearly always *Saucisson Toulouse* on the menu and *Steak Diane* is a speciality. The "set" dinner is good value at 12s. 6d. The wine list is adequate and there is a full licence. Coffee would be better if it was not over-boiled.

Charco's, 1 Bray Place, Chelsea.

(KNI 4903). Open again for lunch and dinner up to midnight, after a damaging fire, it has a new décor and a new direction. The clientele seems to be the same. Grills are a speciality, and when the weather is good you may be able to get a table outside. W.B.

Seven Stars, Corner House, Coventry Street. A travelled American friend considers this restaurant about the best value for money anywhere. Its line is high quality plain English cooking. A large plate of roast beef, cut from the joint, with horseradish sauce, creamed baked potato, and a mixed salad costs 8s. 3d. Other prices are equally moderate. Wines include a good claret and a pleasant dry white Graves at 12s. per bottle. The surroundings are pleasant, the service swift. Tables not booked.

Paris in Oxfordshire

Henley-on-Thames, The Cherub. 49/51 Market Place. (Tel. 1587.) Open luncheon 12-3 p.m., dinner 6-10.30 p.m., but shut for luncheon on Tuesday and Wednesday. A visit to Henley, always pleasant, is made all the more so by this quite new, small and excellent restaurant. Run entirely by two young men, one chef, the other *maître d'hôtel* and waiter, it provides for about 20 people, at any one time, first-class Continental cooking, including a *pâté* of distinction, Russian *hors d'oeuvre*, *Crème Gauloise* soup and *Dessert Seraphim*. Take your own bottle and don't be impatient. Here they cook to order—and do it well. W.B. dinner.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas

Sutherland

AMONG YOUNG NON-COGNOSCENTI-about-town, American visitors and alcoholics there has long been a fiction that it is possible in London to drink legally around the clock. It is an amusing idea, in view of our licensing laws, but in the interests of truth I would like to state that it is not in fact possible. It is only possible to drink for 23 out of the 24 hours—and then only if the candidate is male and operationally involved in the purveying of fish, meat, fruit and print. Or rich and unemployed.

To start at the beginning, there are public houses which open their doors at 11.0 in the morning. From then on it is possible to drink completely legally until 3 p.m. in the afternoon, when the powers-that-be consider that all good men should be back in their offices initialling the postcard which they have dictated earlier on in the day. But throughout London there abound afternoon drinking clubs that cater for the business-man or the commercial traveller who are solidly determined to give a working p.m. a miss. Membership costs anything from £5 to 2s. 6d. into the doorman's hand, and offers endless opportunity for important talk between tycoons who might never otherwise have had the opportunity of meeting.

The amount of actual business that results from these fortuitous encounters, one tends to think, is reflected more often in the expense account than in the annual balance sheet presented to the shareholders. However, there it is.

Most afternoon drinking clubs run through from 3 o'clock until the last customers leave at around 10 or 11 p.m. But by 5.30 p.m. the licensing laws have come into their own again and the more conventional citizens are also permitted to have their libations until 11 o'clock in the evening. The exact hour depends of course on the district and it may be necessary to hurry across the boundary from, for instance, Chelsea to Belgravia to take in the extra half-hour.

Thereafter a thirst is driven back to club life again, and this time the quenching is likely to be slightly more expensive. Most late-night clubs are permitted to serve drink

until 2 a.m., plus a half-hour consumption-time, bringing the moment of truth up to 2.30 a.m. This is likely to cost a membership fee of up to £15 a year and the inevitable surcharge of probably £1 a head in "cover charge."

At this hour the field becomes rather narrower but the diligent searcher could come to rest in the Press Club where he could stave off the approach of sobriety until 3 a.m. Unfortunately, there is a keeper of the gate who knows his members well and he will not admit any other than the genuine journalist scarred with the bags-under-the-eyes, late night home-by-morning look. Few visitors to London can pass the rigorous test, and perhaps fewer still know a night-working journalist who can pass them in as a guest. Call yourself a "comp" man, though, and you can find a little club in a bombed cellar off Fleet Street where the men behind the scenes in the production of the daily ration of newsprint can take alcoholic refreshment to sustain them in their labours. But the accent is on *man* and you will have to leave your girl friend outside until you re-enter the earth's atmosphere at 4 a.m.

Here indeed is the darkest hour before the dawn, but then can there be all that many people who really want to drink at 4 o'clock in the morning? Anyway you have an hour's breathing space before the pubs explode again all over London. Certainly not in Chelsea or Kensington nor even Belgravia, but in Covent Garden, Smithfield and Billingsgate. Entrance is not by membership but because you are a genuine fruit porter or a bummaree. In pubs like the Nag's Head (Covent Garden) and the Red Cow (Smithfield) dinner jackets and black ties are not advisable, for the landlord will refuse to serve you unless you look the part.

Given this acceptance you can then drink pints of beer and play darts until 9 and 9.30 a.m. respectively, when it becomes necessary to set sail for Billingsgate. There, the extended hours nicely bridge the gap from 7-11.30 a.m. when, of course, the ordinary licence comes into force and the whole ghastly thing starts all over again.



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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

New ways to the New World

Americans make up the bulk of world travellers, but in spite of the many nationalities whom they have welcomed as citizens, it is only now that they begin to consider transitory visitors to their own country as tourists. Ironically enough, the Russians have had a tourist information bureau here for some two years, yet the United States only contemplates opening one in 1961.

Nevertheless, visitors' visas are now comparatively quick and easy to obtain, and the introduction, on October 1, of a 17-day excursion fare to New York at £114 6s. (or £125 by jet) brings the United States for the first time within the same fare range as, say, Athens. The offer only applies until March 1, so it is essentially a winter voyage of discovery rather than a layabout holiday. In contemplating how to spend the time there (about 16 days on American soil) the decision must be made as to whether to remain in New York, or to make a bold

attempt to see something of the American continent.

The standing joke of the American in Europe ("Was it Istanbul we saw on Wednesday, or can it have been Vienna?") can be smartly turned on many an Englishman in the States. How do you relate Seattle and Salt Lake City, or the states of Oregon and Oklahoma? One's knowledge is tentative. Nor are we any less guilty than they of collecting cities like so many stamps with the proud boast—"Oh, I've been there. . . ." Whether you approve or not, you have to do America the way Americans do Europe if you want to see much of it in a short time.

It really can pay, both financially and in terms of time-value, to accept the know-how of one of the tours. Some of the new ones, based on the excursion fare, are excellent value. An example is a trip arranged by Lanseiar in co-operation with T.W.A. and Greyhound Coaches which for £242 10s.

includes jet flights across the Atlantic, and food and accommodation within the States for 15 days. It is the first tour of its kind to include meals in the overall price, and this does represent a saving because, although one *can* eat cheaply in America, you have to know where. The itinerary includes New York (one day at the beginning of the trip, three full days at the end), Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and Niagara. Another more expensive one operated by the same agency goes farther afield and includes Mexico City, Taxco and Acapulco as well as Washington. Based partly on air, partly on coach transport, this one costs £348 10s.

Cunard are also luring the ordinary tourist, as opposed to the expense-account traveller, to America. They do a 28-day holiday for £198, which includes transatlantic travel (tourist class) to and from New York and all travel (by coach) in the U.S.A., with first class hotel accommodation based on twin-bedded rooms with private bath. You stand your own meals and tips. The itinerary is the conventional eastern circle of Washington, Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit.

If you are resolutely determined to go it alone, I still think that coach travel is the best way to see the country. There are several coach services, of which Greyhound is the biggest company with the

widest network. These coaches are extremely comfortable, with air-conditioning, glare-proof glass and a washroom (quite a consideration, in view of the distances). Distances are so vast that one is happy enough to speed between points A and B whereas, in Europe, it is frustrating to hurtle through little towns and villages, wondering what you have missed.

Another point, if you are travelling independently, is that you can stop *en route* wherever you please and pick up another coach on the same ticket a day or a week later. But use these coaches intelligently. It makes no sense, for example, to spend four days and nights in a bus between New York and San Francisco for £50 when you can fly there for £75. But you might make a less exhausting—and equally interesting—trip from New York to Charleston, on the south-eastern seaboard, breaking your journey perhaps in Washington and Richmond *en route*, and thereby never spending more than five hours at a stretch in the bus. You can get all the information you need on coach routes from the Greyhound office in London, at 33 Lower Regent Street.

However, you need not see the entire continent on a once-in-a-lifetime, back-breaker of a trip. You might well be content to spend your time in New York. In a later issue, I offer my own personal thumb-nail guide to it.

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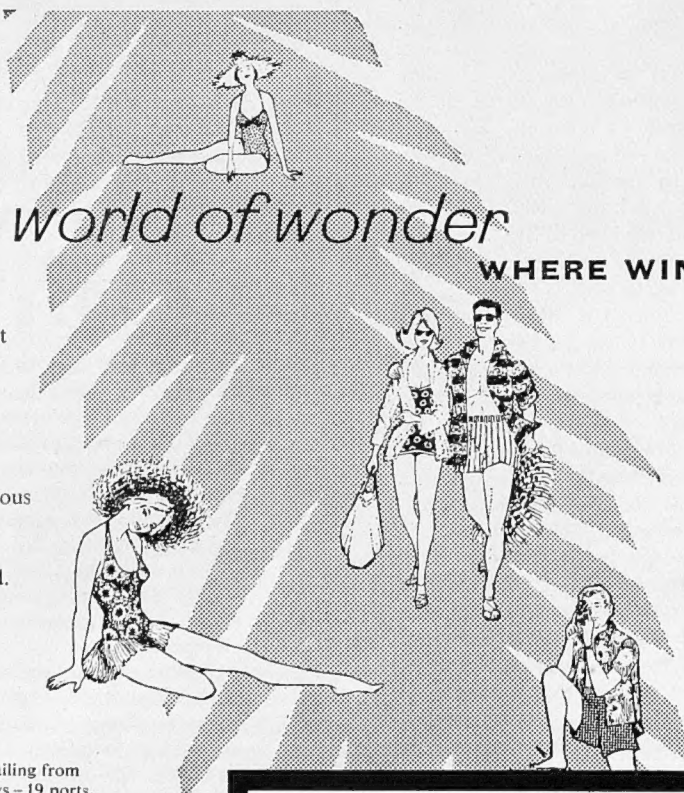
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DEWSBURY... Birto
DONCASTER... Nicholson & Fletcher
DUNDEE... Draffens
EALING... Bentalls
EASTBOURNE... Bobbys
EDINBURGH... Darlings
EXETER... Bobbys
GLASGOW... Pettigrew & Stephens
GOLDERS GREEN... Reynolds
GREAT YARMOUTH... Palmers
HALIFAX... Sam Stocks
HARROW... Nanette
HOVE... Wm. Hill
HULL... La Boutique

IPSWICH... Masons
KINGSTON... Bentalls
LEEDS... Matthias Robinson
LIVERPOOL... Wm. Henderson
LEYTONSTONE... Bearmans
MAIDSTONE... Arthurs
MANCHESTER... Gerald Stuart
MORECAMBE... Pringle
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE... Bainbridge
NORTHAMPTON... Werff
NOTTINGHAM... Robinsons
PLYMOUTH... Dingles
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TATLER
&
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7 SEPTEMBER
1960



ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION: *At the reception given for the opening were Mr. J. Greig Dunbar, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. William MacTaggart, P.R.S.A. & co-host with Herr von Herwarth, the German Ambassador, Mrs. W. H. Kininmonth, Mrs. Greig Dunbar, Mrs. MacTaggart and Mr. W. H. Kininmonth*

EDINBURGH ENTERTAINS

An illustrated report on the bustling

social life of the Scottish capital

during one week of the Festival

PICTURES: BARRY SWAEBE NEWS: MURIEL BOWEN



The Countess of Dundee, with the Earl (Minister without Portfolio) and Baroness Elliot of Harwood



Sir Compton Mackenzie is met by Herr Hans von Herwarth and Mr. & Mrs. William MacTaggart



Lady Mary & Mr. Adrian Bailey with Mr. George Christie, who is the new director of Glyndebourne



Mlle. Marie-Christine des Monts de Savasse, Mrs. Alexander Balfour of Dawyck and Lord Polwarth



The Earl of Harewood with Festival directors Mr. William Grahame and Mr. Alister Macdonald



The Earl of Rosebery and the Countess of Harewood. Lord Harewood will run next year's Festival



Mr. Robert Ponsonby, retiring artistic director, Lady Johnson-Gilbert and Mrs. Robert Ponsonby

EDINBURGH

THE PEOPLE go to Edinburgh at Festival-time for the music—and they hear as much of it as the parties will permit. This year's party to be remembered was the one given at the Royal Scottish Academy by **Herr Hans von Herwarth**, the German Ambassador, and **Mr. William MacTaggart**, the President of the Academy, and **Mrs. MacTaggart**. It was an after-the-concert affair with lots of pretty women and a grandiose buffet. The occasion was the Edinburgh opening of an exhibition of paintings by the German "Blue Rider" group, probably the prime movers in the world-wide trend to abstract painting.

The **Earl & Countess of Minto** were there, also **Sir John & Lady McEwen**, the German Finance Minister & Frau Eberhard, **Mr. I. H. Stuart Black** and his pretty daughter, **Sally**, and the **Earl of Rosebery**, and his wife, as formidable a figure in the musical life of Edinburgh as her husband is in racing.

Sir Compton Mackenzie, stroking his immaculate beard, was discussing the new opera house, which it is hoped will be a reality within the next few years. "Well it's perfectly obvious where they should put it," he said with a gesture that sent cigarette ash spattering down his front. "They should pull down the Caledonian Station—after all it's nothing more than a refuge for tarts on wet nights." A queue of people, taking up two-and-a-half couches, waited to have a word with him.

The **Earl of Harewood** was there with his Countess. He is shortly taking over as Artistic Director of the Festival, a development that is already causing quite a stir in Edinburgh. His rueful retort to this is: "I don't know that they'll be so excited in 54 weeks' time." The Harewoods took a house in Edinburgh for the Festival ("simply awful the number of people here who go away for the Festival") and had their young sons staying with them. Viscount Lascelles, almost 10, has started to study the 'cello. "It was all his own idea," Lord Harewood told me.

The Academy was full of people, so full that most of them quickly gave up even trying to see the pictures. "Those who want to will come back to see them tomorrow or the next day," Mr. MacTaggart told me. "As for the rest, the main thing is that they enjoy themselves." A benevolent presidential viewpoint, I thought.

The buffet was a welcome rendezvous after a day on the moors and an evening of soaking up Beethoven. And, as inevitably happens when



ENTERTAINS

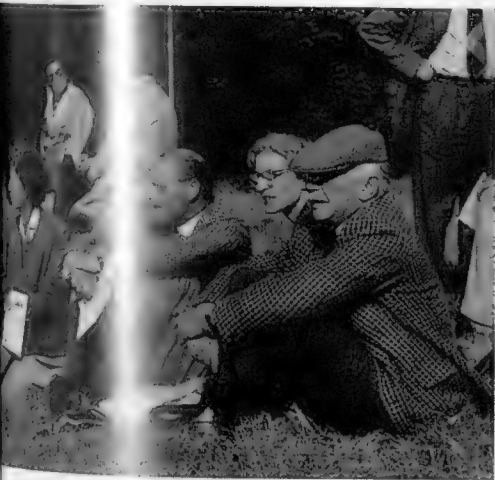
you get a good buffet and a lot of people, finding the right tools is a matter of luck. The Duke of Buccleuch was driven to scooping up his salmon with a spoon. Gathered round one or other of the buffets were Mr. Hugh & Lady Alexandra Trevor-Roper, Mr. Rupert Speir, M.P., Sir Andrew & Lady McCance, Major Peter & Lady Griselda Balfour, Lady Elizabeth Charteris, Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Thompson, and Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Goodrich Smith. His play *The Wallace* at the Assembly Hall had, I thought, enough blood and thunder to satisfy the most ardent of Scottish patriots.

I also saw Lt.-Gen. Sir George Collingwood, Mr. J. Greig Dunbar, who is Edinburgh's Lord Provost & Mrs. Greig Dunbar, and the Earl & Mrs. Greig Dunbar, and the Earl & Mrs. Greig Dunbar.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Miss Judith Davidson, of the North Northumberland Hunt team, takes the posts and rails on Golden Gale



Mrs. J. Drummond-Moray, Mrs. B. Innes, Major & Mrs. O. B. Younger and Major J. Drummond-Moray



Miss Pat Bowie with Mr. Gavin Crawford marking at the straw bales jump for the cross country

Pony Club trials at Dreghorn

A. V. SWAEBE



Miss Marjorie Hyslop, overall winner of the Members' event, Mrs. Ralph Younger and Captain T. E. Scott



Spectators watch Miss Anne McCallum of the Lanark & Renfrew Hunt team on her pony White Socks. The cross country was organized in two leagues; the first was won by the Perth Hunt team, the other by Dumfriesshire

MURIEL
BOWEN
continued

Countess of Dundee. Because of his height and his dexterity in getting through a wall of people Lord Dundee got sent for reinforcements for the ladies' plates—a useful man in this sort of situation. I also met **Baroness Elliot of Harwood**, who always entertains for the Festival and who was having a houseful of relations the following week.

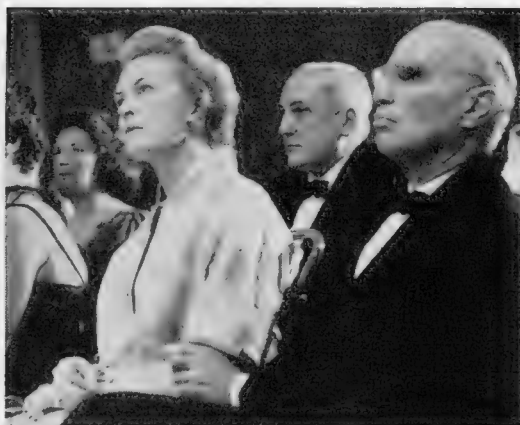
When the party thinned out a bit I was able to see something of the pictures—dark landscapes painted with tremendous verve, and paintings of people which in some deft way had captured a moment of inspiration. "Hold on to your catalogue and save yourself five shillings," said the German Ambassador over my shoulder. "The exhibition will be coming to the Tate on September 30th."

As it follows the Picasso exhibition, I called up **Sir John Rothenstein** to know what he thought of these German pictures. This is what he had to say: "Before the war German art was dismissed as rough and crude. But since then there has been a revaluation, and it has been immensely popularized, especially by refugees coming from Germany to this country and the United States. I think the London public has much to look forward to. . . ."

At the Festival Club I chatted one morning to **Mr. Robert Ponsonby**. He's been Artistic Director since 1951 (it's he whom Lord Harewood is succeeding) and he's off to the United States next week to the lush job of directing Mr. Huntington Hartford's musical enterprises in the Bahamas. When I was in Nassau in



Mrs. Frank Allen, Jr., who flew from Boston to model at the show, and the Earl of Wemyss & March



Mr. & Mrs. Richard Weingard. They are over on a Festival visit from their home in Nassau, Bahamas

Festival fashion

Designer Ronald Paterson showed his autumn & winter couture collection at Adam House, Edinburgh, to raise funds for the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation (Scotland)



Baroness Steengracht van Moyland, whose husband is the Consul-General for the Netherlands in Edinburgh



The Marchioness of Lothian, chairman of the show, with Mr. Ronald Paterson who designed the clothes



January I often looked out at the island off the coast which Mr. Hartford had bought—nothing much on it except some shanty huts—and wondered what he was going to do with it. Mr. Ponsonby tells me that, among other things, it will be a music centre with different sorts of festivals several times a year. "I looked the whole thing over first," Mr. Ponsonby told me. "I wanted to make sure that it was something that is going to go before getting involved."

I asked him what the Edinburgh Festival needs most if it's to hold its success in the future. "Much better quality production in the theatres and a proper opera house—the work of the best ballet and opera companies simply doesn't come over to the audience from a stage only one-third the depth of Covent Garden and

half the size of the Bolshoi. . . . There is also the need to raise more money—and not from the Arts Council either, but from industry. People must realize here that getting money from industrialists is not just a matter of writing a couple of letters, but of taking people out to lunch and generally laying the red carpet. Glyndebourne has been very clever about that."

FUN ON THE FRINGE

Most-discussed show at this year's Festival was the late-night *Beyond the Fringe* at the Lyceum, put on by four young Oxbridge graduates (two Oxford, two Cambridge). Everybody I met was going to this hilarious bit of mimicry of all that is most sacred in the British Way of Life. The night I was there I saw **Lord**

Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland (a plastic raincoat under his arm), and two Greek generals enjoying it to the full.

The four young men responsible for the revue are **Alan Bennett** (25), a junior lecturer in history at Oxford, **Dudley Moore** (25), an Oxford music graduate, **Jonathan Miller** (26), a doctor who looks like Danny Kaye but pulls a funnier face, and **Peter Cook** (22). "We've been approached by three West End managements, but the trouble is getting off from work all at the same time," Mr. Cook told me. He's just taken a language degree, planned to go into the Foreign Office, but now he'll stick to the theatre. One show he's written, *Pieces of Eight*, is at the Apollo, and it is probably (though he refuses to commit himself) bringing in a pay cheque which

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Duchess of Fife opening the show. With her is Lady Lothian. Adam House was lent for the occasion by the University of Edinburgh

BRIGGS by Graham

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

many a Foreign Office official would envy.

Out on the Festival Fringe—beyond the official range—there were more than 30 shows being put on by brisk and energetic amateurs, most of them university students. I went to a moving performance of *The Miracles*, a dramatized version of the life of Christ by University College, Oxford. Mr. Richard Samuel had foregone a holiday at a South of France villa with his parents, Dr. & Mrs. Ian Samuel, in order to direct it. Miss Liz Paul, niece of Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of York, had a beatnik role in a late-night show. Mr. Richard Seeborn (son of a Barclays' director), Mr. Jonathan Cecil, and Mr. Paul Betjeman (son of the poet) were other figures on the fringe.

Meeting-place of many of the artists and audiences after the performances was La Caravelle, an excellent quick-service restaurant at the North British Hotel, which has good food and gay, amusing décor. Indeed, the North British is very much the centre for south-of-the-border and overseas visitors during the three weeks of the Festival.

COUTURE AT ADAM HOUSE

Another of the social functions during the Festival was the showing (*pictures on previous page*) of the Ronald Paterson Winter Collection at Adam House (a benefit for the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation). A fashion show—especially if you can't ever hope to have even one number from the collection—can be deadly dull. But this one had the crazy touch now and then, which made it fun. Especially the space hat in bright pink leather and the hat made of fibreglass baubles which had Sir Ian Johnson-Gilbert laughing like the hailstones beating down outside.

I noticed that very few men came to see the show, far fewer than one would see south of the Tweed. "I think it is that they're just not interested in the clothes," the Duchess of Fife told me. "If they come at all it's to see the model girls." Mrs. J. Greig Dunbar, the Lady Provost, was president of the ladies' committee who planned the show, and Major R. T. Reid organized it.

PERTSHIRE'S PONY WIN

Before leaving Edinburgh I went to the Scottish Inter-Branch Competition of the Pony Club. Brig. Geoffrey Goschen and his assistant, Capt. T. E. Scott, had organized it with great thoroughness at Dreghorn Camp. The Pony Club in Scotland grows every year—indeed quite a slice of the 29,000 national membership is now in Scotland. So the competition had to be run off in two leagues.

Perthshire won again, as it will probably always do, so long as it has a Drummond-Hay to ride and Lt.-Col. Michael Lindsay as *chef d'équipe*. Miss Fiona Dewhurst helped with a beautifully smooth and polished dressage on Lilac Time.

Good performances by Patricia Stewart and Vicki Drummond-Moray, and a dashing cross-country spin by Nina Drummond-Hay (taking the place of her sister Kirstie who was ill) brought Perthshire safely home. The second league went to Dumfriesshire, an older and more experienced team which should give a good account of itself in the national championships at Tetbury tomorrow. The riders were Rosemary Tulloch, Ian Stewart, William Hodge, and Marjorie Hyslop.

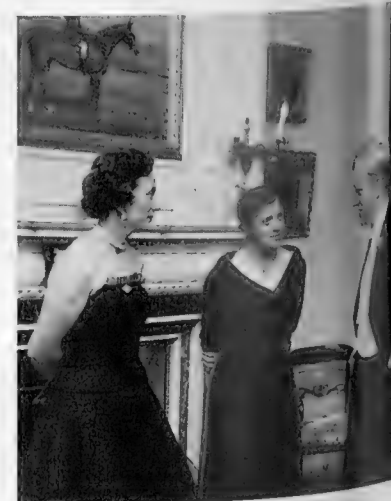
THE STRAKER DANCE

South of the border, in Northumberland, I watched debs whooping it up at Mr. & Mrs. John Straker's beautiful home in Northumberland at the coming-out dance for the Strakers' daughter, Susan. For the host and hostess there wasn't the fuss and bother of a marquee, as Stagshaw House is large enough for several hundred people to dance in comfort. The drawing-room was cleared of everything but Mr. Straker's collection of landscapes, and dancing got under way there.

Viscount & Viscountess Allendale were among the guests, and so were Mr. & Mrs. Clive Straker, Major & Mrs. Douglas Blackett, and Sir Charles & Lady Morrison-Bell. I also saw Mr. Richard Renwick, Miss Harriet Turton, the Hon. Caroline Best, the Hon. Mary MacAndrew, the Hon. Nicholas Ridley, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. Ridley, and Mr. & Mrs. John Joicey.



Lady Morrison-Bell and Mr. Richard Forbes Watson



Mr. & Mrs. J. Johnson & (centre) Miss Phyllis Straker



Lt.-Cdr. David Ridley and Miss Alison Thorburn

A bell on the Border

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VAN HALLAN



Miss Susan Norton dancing with Mr. Tim Rootes



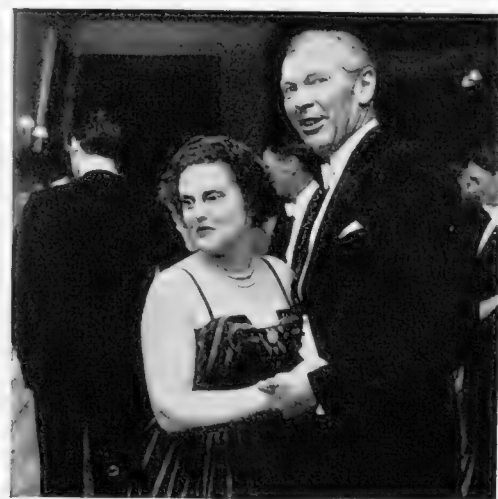
Mr. & Mrs. John Straker with daughter Susan for whom they gave the ball at their home in Northumberland



Mr. Timothy Bell and Miss Rosemary Packe



Mrs. George Fairbairn and Col. John Cookson



Mr. P. T. Braithwaite and Mrs. Peter Dickinson

An uncertain Igor gets a launching push along the garden switchback at the Ustinovs' Bel Air home. Opposite: A wigwam is no place to hide for an Indian who's as outsize as this one



SINCE these pictures were taken Peter Ustinov has gone on the move again. He went to Venice for the film festival, then Switzerland where, like another international British talent, Charlie Chaplin, he expects to settle eventually. He has a place there and talks of building something more elaborate by Lake Geneva. Says Mr. Ustinov, British by birth, but not by blood: "I go where there's a demand for my work." There's a demand for it in Hollywood, which accounts for why the Ustinovs have lately been installed in a house at Bel Air. He was filming, along with Sir Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, Kirk Douglas, Charles Laughton and Tony Curtis, a story about ancient Rome, in which instead of Nero he plays the head of a gladiator school. In intervals of appearing in *Spartacus* were photographed these pictures showing him putting down temporary roots

A stay-put interval in a fast-moving career

USTINOV



OFF SET

PHOTOS: WILLIAM REED WOODFIELD

Family group: Mrs. Ustinov (Suzanne Cloutier, the French-Canadian actress) holds the baby, Andrea Claudia. Father watches daughter Pavla, Pavla watches baby, and Igor just watches the photographer



Happier fixing Igor's toy car (right) or demonstrating it (below right) than playing cards, which he says he does not understand, Ustinov makes the best of a game of gin rummy (below) by demolishing a bowl of peanuts. There are always peanuts handy



An immense success on TV in America, Ustinov seems to find it less absorbing than (far left) the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which he devours along with another bowl of peanuts

Dandling his son's toy car on his knee, Ustinov has a relaxed telephone conversation with his agent. And why not? With a new book and a new film they should both have plenty to relax about



The Ustinov bar (far left) makes a speciality of beers of all nations. Having filled himself a glass, Ustinov indulges the esoteric pleasure of playing the piano (left) while reading a book on Zen Buddhism between swigs

USTINOV OFF SET *concluded*

HOW TO BE AN M.P. FOR LIFE

BY ERIC WALMSLEY

with a promise of further communication; and a delay of several weeks will then follow while telephone calls are made and press cuttings and confidential files examined to see if the applicant is, or ought to be, on the official black list. In time, however, provided all has gone reasonably well, there will be a summons to an interview, whose date will be sufficiently far advanced to enable candidates of both sexes to buy new clothes and get something done about their hair. And then, on the appointed day, they will arrive—pale, diffident figures with shuffling gaits and guilty expressions who peer nervously at the lowliest members of the headquarters' staff and leap with terror at the approach of every tea-trolley.

Once in the interview room they will be made to feel at home; and when this dreadful process has eliminated whatever remains of their morale, they will be closely questioned on their attitude to certain important issues: the Wolfenden proposals (Conservatives), electoral agreements (Liberals) and, for the Socialists, Clause IV. A comment will then be made on their lack of electioneering experience; and this, surprisingly enough, is the cue for which the ambitious have been waiting and which, given reasonable luck, will see them safely home when the big day comes.

"Yes," they will reply quickly, "but I'm willing to fight *anywhere* to get it."

Immediately the atmosphere will lighten. "Oh," somebody will say, "that's different." Cigarettes will be handed round and knowing nods exchanged. Then, after a short pause, the questioning will start again in earnest. Does the candidate really mean this? Yes, he does. Would he take on even the *impossible*? Yes, he would. (For the candidate knows perfectly well that it is scarcely possible to fail to reduce the Conservative majority in, say, the Sussex coastal towns or the Labour majority in the Welsh valleys at a by-election, when apathy is always rampant on the dominating side. He also knows that the very fact of his having done so will still count as a permanent good mark with other divisional selection committees and may, indeed, be flaunted in his official biographical handout for the rest of his active political life.)

So, in a matter of minutes, everything is arranged. The candidate is approved, rushed down to whatever outland happens to have a by-election pending, adopted before he has had time to change his mind and, soon afterwards, soundly beaten. But he has done enough. He has his experience. All that now remains is to wait for the plums to drop in 1963 and to polish his technique. Meanwhile, to keep up appearances, he will continue as prospective general election candidate for his original division and

hope that, by submitting startling resolutions for the party conference, he will have the chance later on of introducing himself to a wider and more influential audience while the television lights are on.

To polish his technique he will now voluntarily submit to an existence of awesome worthiness. He will attend a public-speaking course; and from this he will move to his party's speakers' panel, where he will gradually progress from addressing ladies' teatime get-togethers, *via* evening gatherings of the Youth Movement, to weekend schools, open public meetings, rallies and, finally, fresh-air tub-thumps before indifferent but potentially hostile audiences in market squares. He will allow himself to be co-opted on to the party's drearier permanent committees. He will distribute enormous quantities of literature in his temporary constituency and write complimentary letters on its contents to the H.Q. publicity staff. He will tell the party's chief executive how much he admires everything he and his subordinates are doing and make shy, yet helpful, suggestions to the party's leader. He will write thoughtful letters for publication in the local and national press and he will persuade the B.B.C. to give him a voice test. He will neglect his work, his home and his family and, as a human being, he will more or less disintegrate.

But when the time comes, he will be ready to pounce. Armed with new references from significant quarters and preceded by discreet telephone recommendations from the hierarchy itself, he will arrive 24 hours early in the appointed region, win over the rejected ancient with a five-star dinner and, the following evening, be unanimously adopted by acclamation as prospective candidate for the coming general election. Success will be sealed by an attack by Crossbencher ("*I now name yet another scuttler to lusher pastures*") and the final triumph at the polls will come as inevitably as death itself.

Meanwhile those who, through faulty timing or for other reasons, have been mad enough to stand for and, ultimately, win marginal seats, had better reconcile themselves to a lifetime of anxiety, for nothing but an upheaval on the 1945 scale can save them. Their defeated predecessors, after a short period for recuperation, will soon get adopted for somewhere really desirable; but, as some of the highest in the land have already learnt, success brings its obligations and there is no escape from them. Whether honourable and marginal Members like it or not, they are stuck where they are, and the only safe seat they can ever look for now is in the House of Lords.

And by and large it serves them right.

THE opening of the party conference season is a reminder that all over the country at the present moment potential Parliamentarians with an appreciation of timing's niceties are already making their first moves in the shameless struggle for the safer seats at the 1964 general election. In three years from now, the argument runs, the more elderly M.P.s will have finally given way to local pressure and announced that the time has come for the division to be represented by someone younger. The chosen candidate will then have some 10 or 12 months in which to make himself known to the electorate; and after that, provided the local executive remains friendly, he—or, come to that, she—will be sitting pretty until long past the officially pensionable age.

This, then, is the incentive; but it is the desire to serve that the prudent are now emphasizing in the sad little letters that are daily flooding the parties' national headquarters. The accompanying references will have stressed the individual's charm, adaptability and past efforts for the cause; and, as they add to the impressiveness of a personal folder, they can be omitted only at the candidate's peril.

Their receipt will be quickly acknowledged,



It used to be called Benares in the days of the raj, but they've changed it to Banaras and they even call its famous river Ganga instead of Ganges. Otherwise things don't change much in this holy city of the Hindus, as the Queen may see for herself next year if her planners include it on her Indian route. There are still about 400 religious festivals there every year. Pilgrims still throng the river banks, bathing in the sacred water, and corpses are still cremated on open pyres (picture opposite) after resting at the water's edge, theoretically with the feet in the river. The new India emerges, but you wouldn't notice in Banaras except that



Pilgrims offer thanks for the recovery of a relative from smallpox. So many services like this occur in this building that it is usually known locally as the Smallpox Temple

THE NAME'S NOT QUITE THE SAME...



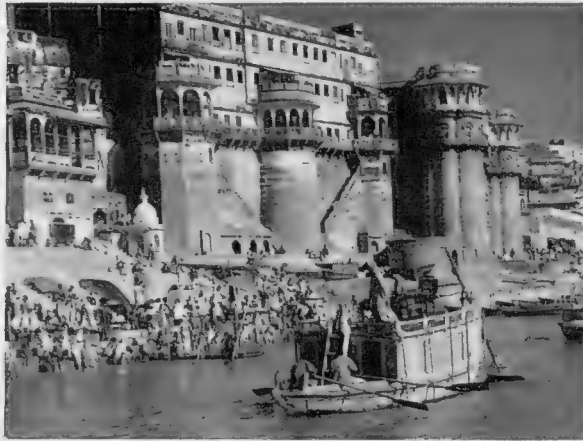
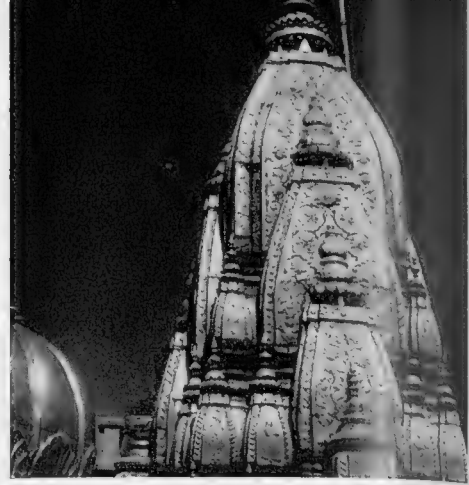
Hindu widows, who have not much else, have this small ghat (riverside section) reserved for them. *Below:* There is always a religious procession in Banaras—and always a crush

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BETTY & J. ALLAN CASH





All year round the pilgrims pour in, boosting the city's population of 360,000 by many thousands. They visit the Golden Temple of Lord Viswanatha (*right*), in the heart of the Banaras. Several times destroyed and rebuilt and once turned into a mosque, it has a spire covered with gold plating. They take a sightseeing boat along the Ganga (*below*), passing famous ghats like the Panchganga,



on which is built a mosque which made news when one of its minarets collapsed in 1949. They bathe or go by ferry from Dasasvamedha Ghat (*right*) across the broad river. The flow of visitors also has other than religious



benefits, for pilgrims must eat, which means a large vegetable market (*above*) to sell them produce. The cows, of course, being sacred, help to eat the vegetables too. The barber finds plenty of trade and shaves his customer (*right*) on the broad steps of Dasasvamedha Ghat. There, too, amid the churning crowd, a tiny child sits playing with a basket of flowers (*left*), oblivious that this is the spot where Brahma is believed to have performed the ten-horse sacrifice



THE NAME'S NOT QUITE THE SAME
concluded

SPIKE HUGHES:

SHOULD COMPOSERS CONDUCT?

CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER." It is a familiar announcement in our concert programmes but it can cause both elation among listeners and alarm and despondency among orchestral players. The public always find a certain attraction in seeing composers. They never look anything like what one expects. But more important, there is a feeling (often quite unjustified) that one is getting a uniquely authoritative interpretation if a composer conducts his own work. Sometimes, of course, a composer's view of his own music may be illuminating, and may inspire an excellent, even unmatched, performance. In others, his presence on the rostrum serves no more useful purpose than a starlet opening a village fête. The quality of the performance, like that of the fête, is neither better nor worse for the distinguished patronage bestowed on it—though the box-office takings may benefit as a result.

Vittorio Gui, who comes to Glyndebourne every year, remembers how he had to take the orchestral rehearsals right out of Debussy's hands. He could allow the French composer to make his scheduled personal appearance at the concert only, by which time the Gui-trained orchestra could play the programme on their ears and let Debussy's antics pass unnoticed. Debussy, unlike most composers, did not greatly care for conducting anyway (he did it for the money). But most of them want to have a bash at it and on the whole they enjoy it. Only one composer I ever knew resolutely refused to take a stick in his hand and that was Sir Arnold Bax; and as far as I

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



SIR ARTHUR BLISS, a composer with authority enough to conduct even other composers' works. Here, with incisive baton, he rehearses for his performance with the London Symphony Orchestra this summer of the "Set of Act Tunes and Dances" by Purcell-Bliss at the Royal Festival Hall

CONDUCTING COMPOSERS PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN VINES



IAIN HAMILTON conducted a "Public Orchestral Rehearsal" for the Society for the Promotion of New Music earlier this year. Afterwards he opened a discussion at Festival Hall under the chairmanship of another composer, Francis Chagrin

SHOULD COMPOSERS CONDUCT? *concluded*

PETER RACINE FRICKER, tongue tensed, conducts the last rehearsal immediately before the jubilee performance this year of Cherubini's *Second Mass* by the Morley College Symphony Orchestra, choir and soloists (left)

conductor to be affected by nerves *after* he had conducted. This happened when at the end of his ordeal Ireland gripped the rail of the rostrum and turning to the audience to acknowledge the applause was suddenly stricken by vertigo and unable to let go. Two, three minutes of ever-mounting applause went by until a member of the orchestra came to his rescue and helped him down the rostrum steps to safety. John Ireland is a classic example of the composer who conducts for reason No. 3.

An example of (1) is Sir Arthur Bliss, present successor to Bax and Elgar in the post of Master of the Queen's Music (what pedant changed the spelling from "Musick"?). He is one of the few composer-conductors who conduct other people's music in addition to their own. Bliss has made stirring recordings of Elgar's *Pomp & Circumstance* marches—precise, upright and conscientious performances one would expect from a former Grenadier Guards officer. Orchestras feel confidence in him as they do when Sir William Walton and Benjamin Britten conduct their own works. Walton rarely conducts the first performance of any of his music. He was, of course, "carving" (as the professional term goes) at the notorious first performance of *Façade* in 1923, when Noël Coward walked out and the Aeolian Hall fireman proclaimed to the national press that he had never known such goings on in all his born days. But for the most part Walton has entrusted the premières to others and has conducted only at subsequent performances of his music and its recording.

"Conducted by the Composer?" has an undeniable sales-appeal on a record label; it nudges posterity firmly in the ribs to note how the composer did things. The only trouble is that as soon as some new recording system is evolved (which seems to be once every ten years now) the recordings are withdrawn. For instance, there is no longer a single Richard Strauss work conducted by the composer to be found in today's catalogues. Before the war you could go into a shop and buy three complete composer-conducted symphonic poems and about 15 other assorted 78 r.p.m. sides of orchestral pieces conducted by Strauss. I am no great admirer of Strauss's music but it seems odd at a time when everybody is arguing about the Composer's Intentions and demanding to see the original MS. of everything before performing the most

know Puccini never conducted either. Elgar, on the other hand, frequently conducted his own works, but an orchestral player who recorded with him told me that the composer always gave a better performance if he had Sir Landon Ronald in the studio to give him an opinion. Ronald was the finest of all Elgar conductors.

Composers conduct their own music for one of five familiar reasons: (1) because they know they can give a good account of themselves; (2) because they imagine they can; (3) because they have been talked into it by a persuasive management; (4) because they have persuaded a reluctant management to let them; (5) because they need the money. Some of the most disastrous appearances have been due to reasons (2), (4) and (5); some of the most hilarious to (3).

John Ireland, now 81, though he has not conducted his own music for a long time, is remembered with affection by orchestral players as the only composer-



MICHAEL TIPPETT, at rehearsals for the world première of his 2nd Symphony, guides the orchestra & Sir Adrian Boult

JOHN IRELAND, now 81, no longer conducts, but he went on stage in May after the first concert of the John Ireland Society





familiar work, that for purely documentary reasons composers' own recordings are not re-issued to forestall endless arguments.

One can only hope that Benjamin Britten's many composer-conducted recordings will not suffer the same fate as Strauss's. He is universally accepted as an exceptionally gifted conductor of his own music. Indeed, there is a passage in his opera *The Rape Of Lucretia*, which Ernest Ansermet, who is certainly no slouch where modern music is concerned, is said to consider the most difficult couple of bars to conduct that he has ever encountered. Britten sails through them; and, what is more important, so does the orchestra.

What is missing from our composer-conductors these days, I feel, is a genuine "character." Dame Ethel Smyth was one; she conducted in a hat and at the Proms would tell the audience that the work she was going to conduct could be heard again ("and quite

rightly") at the Leeds Festival in a few weeks' time. E. J. Moeran was also a character. He once conducted a work of his from the wings of a Dublin platform without seeing that it was already being conducted by someone else on the rostrum who had begun it because the composer was late. Moeran was one of the great eccentrics of English music and the only man ever to mistake the counter of a Dublin bank for a bar, order a bottle of stout at it—and get it.

One shadow, however, must hang over the most optimistic composer-conductor and that is the memory of what happened to Lully, court composer to Louis XIV. Lully, conducting one of his own works, dropped his baton on his foot and died from the wound it inflicted. Even the most impatient orchestral musician considers that to have been an unnecessarily severe fate. The orchestra's motto is always "Don't shoot the composer, we're doing our best."

LORD KILBRACKEN

If I won the Irish Sweep

WHEN I am up to my eyes, as I usually am, in bills and final demands, I like to indulge in the comforting escapism of considering how I would spend the money if my habitual hopeful ticket drew the winner of the Cambridgeshire in the Irish Sweep next month, and landed me the first prize of £50,000. There are people, I know, who would safely invest the lot, or most of it anyway, in gilt-edged securities at 6 per cent—rather tempting, and possible, with 4 per cent Consols at 66. Then they would simply enjoy the income for life of £3,000 (less tax) a year. Not I. If I fortuitously made 50 grand, and decided to invest it on the Stock Exchange, I wouldn't choose gilt-edged, but a wide selection of my favourite "ordinaries"—B.M.C., for example, and Free State Geduld, and Firth Brown, and Rhokana. That way I would hope for a large, spectacular, immediate capital gain. But really I know that I wouldn't even buy a single stock or share; I'd *spend* the entire prize money. True, much of it would be on capital goods, but it would all be gone and within six months of getting the cheque.

I have no hesitation in saying what my first action would be: I would pay off *every* debt, even the most unlikely ones, like tailors' and income-tax. (Never mind how much *that* would take.) Next, without doubt, I would give a party at Killegar for all my friends *and enemies*, which would last for a weekend and would cost the better part of £1,000. Then, putting everything aside, and with a wonderfully, magnificently clear conscience, I would take a holiday in the sun, anywhere by the Mediterranean, and spend a month, no less, doing absolutely nothing. I suppose that would cost about the same again (it's surprising how expensive doing nothing can be when I do it). And then I'd get down to life.

Item: I'd spend £10,000, I reckon, on Killegar House. This would cover, I hope, mending the roof, which is badly needed; putting in electricity (I think) and central heating (I'm sure); wall-papering, painting, curtaining and carpeting most of the rooms (also badly needed); modern-

izing and extending the dairy, and rebuilding the cow-byre; and converting Uncle McCarthy's Suite—as the north-east wing, at present totally derelict, is generally called—into a self-contained house for my son Christopher when he comes of age.

Item: I'd sell about 20 cows—the lowest yielders on the place, such as Whitepoll, the Ugly Sisters, Hyacinth and The Wreck, which I long to see the last of. They'd fetch about £700. I would then lay out about £3,000 on the 30 best shorthorn springers I could find; and £1,000, or thereabouts, on the supreme champion dairy shorthorn bull at Ballsbridge next February. Net cost: £3,300.

Item: I'd build a hideaway in the Pottle Woods, by the shores of Lough Donaweale—on my own land, a mile or so from Killegar. It would have just a bedroom, a workroom, a kitchen and a bathroom, no telephone and a huge open fire, and in it I would write, sooner or later, that world-shattering novel which I'm always talking about. Alongside the nearby jetty (also to be built), in the placid waters of the lake, would be visible a catamaran, two Snipes, a canoe, and a fibreglass speedboat with full water-skiing equipment. I suppose this paragraph might involve an outlay of £5,000.

Item: I would buy and spread about 300 tons of ground limestone, about 20 tons of super-phosphate or basic slag, and about ten tons of muriate of potash. All this would, I think, finally remedy Killegar's chronic manurial deficiency, and enable me thereafter to maintain full fertility, as I would prefer, by organic means alone (*i.e.* compost and f.y.m.). This would only cost about £500, but would probably enable me to increase my stocking by nearly half, and I'd therefore earmark £1,500 for the purchase of, say, whitehead bullocks next spring.

Item: I would next consider the question of automobility and machinery. I would keep, for farm purposes, the Vauxhall estate car which I've had since June, but would pay off the h.p.

on it. (H.p. does *not* stand, in this instance, for horse power.) I would then jolly well buy, for personal use, a big Jaguar or Mercedes. I would similarly pay off the h.p. on the Ferguson 35 and on the forage harvester, which I acquired in a mad rush of optimism at the same time as the Vauxhall. And, just for luck and convenience, I would get a *second* tractor for peak periods and for odd jobs around the farm.

Add to this a new trailer, a new muck-spreader, and various minor items like chain-saws and side-delivery rakes, and a further £6,000 would, I suppose, be accounted for. (Note: there is no purchase-tax in Ireland.)

Item: I would rebuild the four cottages which have fallen down or just disintegrated at Killegar in the past 20 years, and populate them with the additional workers which my increased productivity would require. Let's say £5,000. Another £3,000 or £4,000 would go on land drainage and reclamation, on repairing the avenues, on fencing, on trees—I'd plant at least 20,000 this coming winter—and on getting the garden going again.

And I'd still have well over £10,000 left.

I know just what I'd do with it. Since my wealth would have come from horses, I'd put this much back *into* horses. Or rather, into *one* horse, and the cost of keeping him in training until he paid for himself: a yearling colt, bred to stay, with which I'd win the Epsom Derby in 1963. (Also, needless to say, the King George and Queen Elizabeth, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Doncaster St. Leger; followed by the Gold Cup, and the Arc de Triomphe again, in 1964.) I would then syndicate him, keeping half-a-dozen shares for myself, for £500,000, and start all over again.

It's all so simple and, as I see it, generally beneficial. It seems a downright shame that somehow I've got to keep going and fend off my creditors for the next few weeks till the prize money comes through.

I don't suppose anyone would lend me a "monkey," say, on my prospects?

Weddings

Salt—Vaughan: Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Henry Salt, Q.C., & Mrs. Salt, of Gray's Inn, W.C.1, married Michael, son of Mr. & Mrs. Morris Vaughan, of Cowbridge, Glam, at Gray's Inn Chapel



Henderson—Crawford: Patricia, elder daughter of Dr. & Mrs. L. H. Henderson, of Ivorna Gardens, Kensington, W.8, married John, only son of Sir Fergusson Crawford, K.B.E., C.M.G., & Lady Crawford, of Baidland, Churt, Surrey, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.



Guild—Freyberg: Ivry Perronelle Katharine, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Guild, of Aspall Hall, Suffolk, married Major the Hon. Paul Freyberg, Grenadier Guards, son of Lt.-Gen. Lord Freyberg, v.c., & Lady Freyberg, at the church of St. Mary of Grace, Aspall

Engagements

Miss Vanessa Christine Wren to Mr. Sidney Charles Rand. *She* is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harry F. T. Wren, Woolley Cottage, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks. *He* is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Rand, of Cheshunt, Hertfordshire
G. H. POTTS



Miss Deirdre Elizabeth Handcock to Capt. Colin Prinsep James. *She* is the elder daughter of Cdr. & Mrs. William Handcock, of Hambledon, Hampshire. *He* is the son of the late Col. C. P. James, D.S.O., and Mrs. James, formerly of Cranleigh, Surrey
YEVONDE



Miss Prudence Janet Fyfe to Mr. Edward Fairfax Studd. *She* is the only child of Mr. & Mrs. A. D. Fyfe, of Grey Court, Riding Mill, Northumberland. *He* is the second son of Sir Eric Studd, Bt., and Lady Studd, of Tenchleys Park, Surrey
YEVONDE



THE NEW ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NORMAN EALES

THE NEW English schoolgirl wears a uniform of which, happily, only the name survives to connect it with the drab institutional garments once prescribed by academic elders whose only concern was that everybody should look alike. It's true of course that any group of people required to live and work together as a body tends to do so more efficiently if uniformly dressed. But the reverse is true when the uniform is ugly and ill-fitting and the resentment thus aroused often resulted in some pretty fantastic flights of fashion once the wearer had made good her escape from scholasticism. So the case for an attractive school outfit is pretty strong. For one thing it eliminates jealousy and individual bad taste, discouraging teenage predilections for stiletto heels, winkle-picker toes and frilly petticoats that not only look ridiculous *en masse* but can also be pretty dangerous in the hurly burly of term time. And that old gibe about the financial burden to parents doesn't really stand up—children have to be dressed anyway, they spend two-thirds of the year away at school and most of the regulation garments can easily be adapted for holiday wear. In any case designers have made a careful study of what clothes stand up best to hard wear and which are easiest to maintain—an important consideration at boarding schools when there is no mother at hand to do the mending. The result is that the modern schoolgirl, so far from despising her uniform, usually takes pride in wearing it. It is not impossible that an attractive uniform helps develop dress sense later but this, the headmistresses of the schools consulted firmly hold, is the responsibility of parents in holiday time.



ST. JAMES'S SCHOOL, West Malvern, has retained the traditional straw boater by popular vote among the girls. Basis of the school uniform is a tailored navy worsted suit, worn outdoors with a white cotton shirt, blue and silver striped tie and the distinctive boater bordered with the school colours. Sixth form girls have the additional privilege of wearing a silk square in the colours. At her desk (right) the St. James's girl looks like an efficient modern secretary. Instead of a gym tunic she wears the skirt from her second best suit with a blue and white striped C. Biella shirt, school tie and a comfortable navy wool cardigan, an outfit that is practical and attractive. After school hours the girls wear a most un-uniform-like Fair Isle jumper with a navy skirt and white blouse. Navy serge shoes with a saxe blue Aertex shirt and a white sweater are worn for sports. The school at West Malvern is 50 years old



THE NEW ENGLISH SCHOOL- GIRL

continued

SHERBORNE SCHOOL for Girls, Dorset, has a shirtwaister dress that really takes the hate out of wearing school uniforms. This version in Devonshire cream washable shantung was specially designed for the school by Susan Small. The girls wear it for special occasions such as concert- and play-going and at confirmation services. For in-school hours the uniform is a green tweed flared skirt with an attractive green and white striped Clydella shirt and house tie. Colourful matching green tweed cloaks have the hoods lined with gay individual house colours and are used for going to and from the various school buildings. Pleated grey flannel shorts, green Aertex shirts and white sweaters are worn on the games field. Sherborne girls can wear their own clothes after school hours. Standard 'going-out' uniform is a tailored suit in dark brown Yorkshire tweed worn with a beige shantung shirt and brown cord beret. The greatcoat is made of the same tweed. This Sherborne school uniform in particular is readily adaptable for holiday wear



ST. VINCENT'S, Alverstoke, a boarding and day school, has also a junior house whose uniform is particularly attractive. The juniors wear a box-pleated brown Harris tweed skirt with a brown and white fine checked blouse worn with a tie under a fawn pullover. For outdoor wear there is a matching tweed double-breasted greatcoat, a green and brown striped silk scarf, and the distinctive brown felt tricorne hat. Brown leather gloves and fawn rubber socks complete the outfit. The older girls have a fitted tweed jacket to wear with the skirt, and the stockings. Brown serge shorts are worn with a green Aerlex shirt and green sweater for sports. Clothes like these would be equally attractive for holidays





THE NEW ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRL

continued



FELIXSTOWE COLLEGE, Suffolk, has had a complete change of outfit since the war. Most of the uniform was designed by the art mistress helped by suggestions from the girls. Golf, squash, tennis and fencing are taught and for team games like lacrosse and hockey (above, left) the girls wear grey flannel shorts with a white open-necked shirt and a heavy white V-necked sweater. Long red socks provide a splash of colour. For swimming they can choose their own costumes (bikinis barred). Felixstowe is go-ahead and democratic, senior girls receive make-up lessons from representatives of famous cosmetic firms and the

school employs three permanent hairdressers. For after-school hours the dress (above) is in either red or grey fine wool cut on princess lines with a half belt at the back. Seniors wear a court shoe with a low Louis heel specially made for them by Start-rite, the juniors a low casual shoe. In-school uniform (see cover) comprises a grey worsted tunic with a red girdle, a cream blouse and tie in one of the school colours. For going from one building to another the girls wear a grey hooded cloak lined throughout with scarlet over their tunics. Red and grey are the school colours. Age groups range from 11 to 18





ST. FELIX, Southwold, has an understandable pride in its new school dress. It is made in the school green of Terylene and worsted and is permanently pleated and washable. The white cotton shirt has a collar that can be worn open or closed, no tie is worn. A pleated hem is never easy to let down so a generous amount of extra cloth for this purpose is tucked under the wide belt. This school pinafore is designed to wear long and wash easily. The "best dress" (below) is of velvet with a white nylon collar. The girls can choose it in any colour they like—a thoughtful dispensation to individual tastes and complexions. Here again a wide belt conceals a letting-down tuck to overcome the difficulty of letting down a velvet hem that always marks. The school greatcoat made of camel hair is double-breasted and belted, looking exactly like the classic raglan sportscoat so often seen in the country. It is worn with a beret in the school green. St. Felix girls, like their contemporaries at Felixstowe College, also wear a cloak for going from house to house. It is in green with the hood lined in individual house colours. Here, too, the senior girls are allowed to wear low-heeled court shoes in a tan shade with tan or fawn stockings



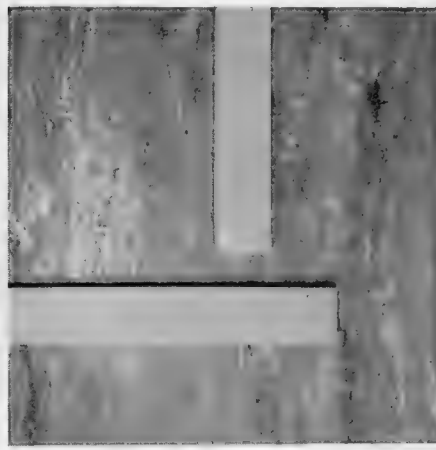
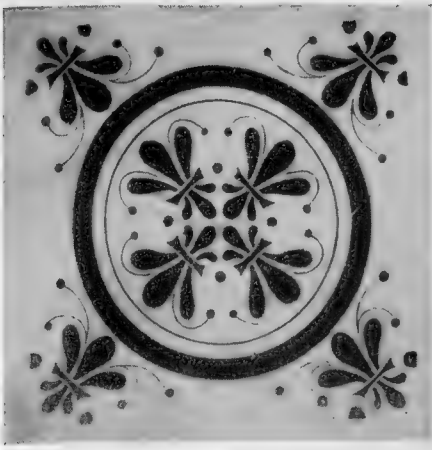


RIDDLESWORTH HALL preparatory at Diss, Norfolk, has cherry and grey as the school colours. They are used for the outfit (right) in which an all-round pleated grey flannel skirt, with buttoned-on shoulder straps, is teamed with a Braemar twin set in cherry wool. For outdoor wear a fitted double-breasted top coat in grey Harris tweed with a pull-on grey felt hat completes the uniform. In school hours the girls are allowed to wear the grey flannel shorts (below) which they use for games. White Aertex shirt, cherry canvas belt, grey pullover and cherry socks complete the outfit. Dresses of turquoise blue trimmed with cherry are worn for high days and Sundays. All the boarding schools featured are outfitted by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, with the exception of Sherborne, which is supplied by Peter Jones, Sloane Square, S.W.1



THE NEW ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRL

concluded



Blue and white Delft tile (far left) is six inches square and one of many Delft patterns made by Humasco, who also made the blonde-and-white pure Vinyl resin Amtico tile (left). The marble grain is translucent and ranges from 12-36 inches square (Humasco are the first to make tiles of this size in Britain). Heat has no effect on Vinyl, so marble tiling could be used to box in a radiator. Amtico pure Vinyl tiles come in 14 designs, 380 colours and are obtainable through John Siddeley, London; Locke, Colchester; Howell's, Cardiff, who give laying estimates and prices.

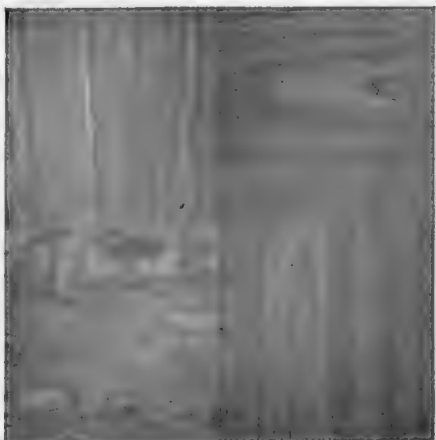
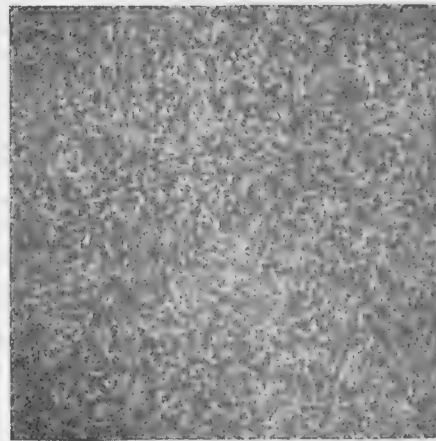
ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS

COUNTER SPY

covers Vinyl

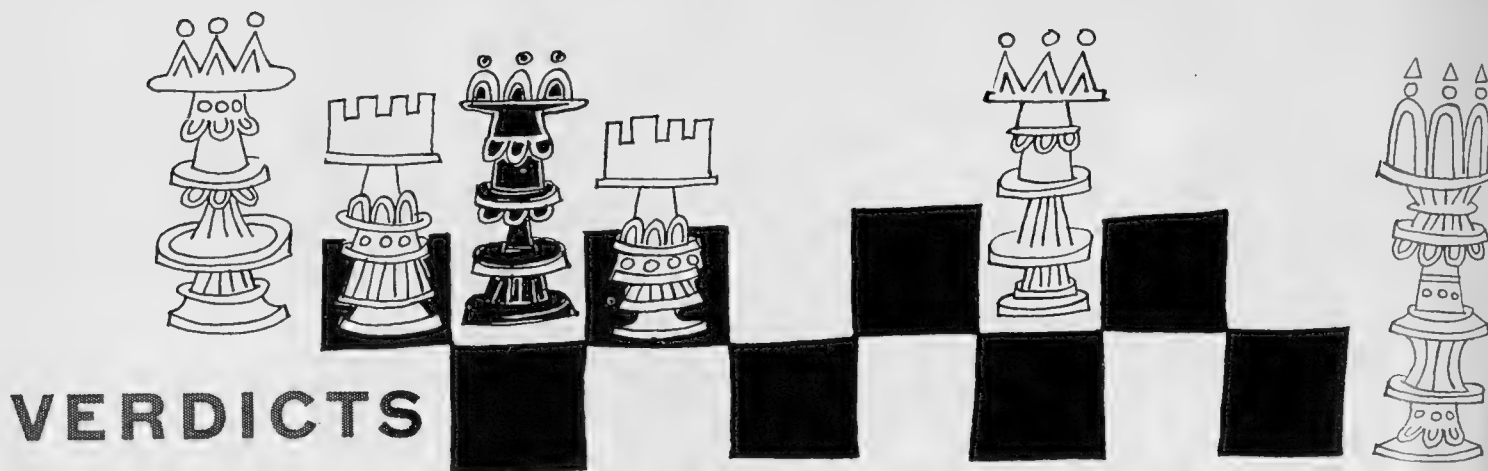
Pebble-coloured Vinyl Corlon sheeting (right) looks like mosaic, has a Hydrocord backing and is one of the most advanced designs from the Armstrong Cork Company. The backing means the sheeting can be laid on concrete and basement flooring with no damp course. Called Tessera, it comes in six-foot-wide rolls and makes a long lasting and hard-wearing Vinyl floor. About £3 6s. a square yard from Harrison Gibson, Ilford & Bromley; Bentalls, Kingston; Built-In Floors, Blackpool. Armstrong Cork also make the blue and gold-flickered Vinyl tile in a clear opalescent pattern. Nine inches square, tiles come in seven shades and cost around 139s. 6d. a square yard. Inquiries to Armstrong Cork Co., Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2. Wood Grain Vinyl flooring, Sandran, by Williamson-Sandura is a newcomer to Britain and some designs are gold- or silver-flecked. The rolls come in six-foot widths, can be cut with a knife and laid at home without fuss. The simulated wood-grain design costs 13s. 9d. per square yard at John Lewis; Lewis's, Manchester; W. J. Wade, Brighton



Intelligence Report

VINYL for floors and walls has been used in America for years but it's only recently come to this country. Tough and good to look at, its advantages are non-staining, easy soap-and-water cleaning, no curling or chipping at edges. And it doesn't need any underlay except a reasonably good floor. Pure Vinyl has a depth and translucency that is unique; when mixed with plasticizers it needs more care in cleaning

Silvery green-toned Vinyl wallpaper with an Eastern pattern looks like silk with its sheen and changing shading according to light. Called Balacuir and imported from the Continent by John Line, it's tough, proof against fading, and long-lasting; can be scrubbed with soap and water. This design also comes in pale grey, silver and white but there are many others in soft colourings. John Line also sell the solution used to hang this wall covering at home. It costs 8s. a yard for the white version; 12s. 6d. for colours at John Line, Tottenham Court Road and branches



The play **The Seagull.** The Old Vic. (Judith Anderson, Ann Bell, Tony Britton, Ralph Michael, Tom Courtenay.)

The films **Let's Make Love.** Director George Cukor. (Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand, Frankie Vaughan, Tony Randall, Wilfrid Hyde White.)

Come Dance With Me. Director Michel Boisrond. (Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal, Dawn Addams, Dario Moreno.)

Bells Are Ringing. Director Vincente Minnelli. (Judy Holliday, Dean Martin, Fred Clark, Eddie Foy, Jr.)

Ocean's 11. Director Lewis Milestone. (Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford, Richard Conte, Cesar Romero.)

The records **The Newport Youth Band.**

Jazz, Inc., by Tony Crombie.

Hawk Eyed, by Coleman Hawkins.

Jazz Gallery: Eddie Condon; Bix Beiderbecke.

The books **A Visit To Don Otavio,** by Sybille Bedford. (Collins, 16s.)

Belle Out Of Order, by Belle Livingstone. (Heinemann, 21s.)

Road Through The Woods, by Pamela Frankau. (Heinemann, 16s.)

The Haunting Of Hill House, by Shirley Jackson (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

The gallery **Matisse.** Pavillon de Vendôme, Aix-en-Provence.



The seagull's not stuffed

THE OLD VIC COMES OUT OF A rather lack-lustre patch with a delightful production of **The Seagull**. I have seen all the individual parts more brilliantly played, but I do not recall ever getting a more satisfying impression of what the play is really about.

Mr. John Fernald is a producer whose close study of Chekhov has taught him that to suffuse this dramatist's stage with a vaguely poetic melancholy and to leave it at that is thoroughly to misinterpret his intentions. He agrees with Mr. David Magarshack that when Chekhov called *The Seagull* a comedy he meant what he said. He meant that the people in it are, with a single exception, people who have nothing to live for and are doomed to a life of constant disappointment and unhappiness. They are a nuisance to themselves and to

everyone else. They are laughable; they are at times poignantly pathetic; but remain none the less quite useless people.

The only exception is the girl who has been shot down in love as casually as a seagull which happens to catch a sportsman's idly roving eye. Nina passes through disillusion to the quietly desperate resolve that she must make up her mind what she wants to be and stick by her choice. None of the others gets through to reality. The most powerful passion of Konstantin, the mixed-up young man who fancies himself hopelessly in love with Nina, is his desire to become a writer. He shoots himself when he realizes that he is endlessly whirled about in a maze of images and dreams without knowing what it is all about. This, as the Old Vic production makes delightfully clear, is not a tragedy of

unrequited love. Konstantin is, pathetically, a failed artist. His failure to arrive at definite aims, even though it makes him afraid of life and leads to his self-destruction, is none the less ludicrous.

It is the skill with which Mr. Fernald keeps his young company on the tight rope of tragi-comedy that is the making of this distinguished performance. Mr. Tom Courtenay's Konstantin is particularly good. He is to the life the wild, unkempt, unhappy youth who is the despair of his elders and of those who make occasional attempts to understand him. Mr. Courtenay conveys almost as vividly as Stephen Haggard once conveyed the youth's uneasy awareness of his own inadequacy as a lover and as an artist and the self-contempt he feels for his dependence on his mother, the showy and famous actress who is vulgar in her vanity and wholly incapable of understanding the suffering of others. We are sorry for this young man, but we cannot help laughing at him.

Dame Judith Anderson firmly steers Madame Arkadin clear of pathos. She is capable of putting on a fine emotional act to break down the weak will of the lover who wants his freedom. She is capable also of doing a little mothering of her ridiculously troubled son when he seems near the end of his tether. But none of the serious events that happen about her makes any real impression on a mind that is irredeemably shallow. Mr. Tony

Britton gives us a more youthful Trigorin than is usual, but leaves us in no doubt of the self-esteem and the weak-willed self-indulgence of the famous writer who, having talent, professes himself the victim of a mania and cannot resist a young girl's adoration.

Miss Ann Bell makes an uncertain start as Nina, but she grows in power as her love affair with Trigorin takes its disastrous course. She is most movingly equal to the crucial final scene when Nina, changed by suffering but not obliterated by it, comes to say farewell to Konstantin and to show that she has ceased to see herself as a seagull and realizes that she is an actress or nothing.

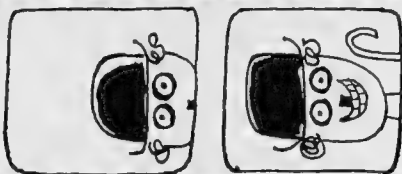
This speech is the true climax of the play, and that Miss Bell brings it off superbly is a great piece of luck which the production as a whole fully deserves.



THE YOUNG LOVERS in *The Seagull*, Konstantin & Nina (Tom Courtenay & Ann Bell) whose romance is fated to end so tragically with his suicide

CINEMA

Elspeth Grant



Such a moving millionaire

MILLIONAIRES AS A CLASS DO NOT normally arouse much sympathy in me. I see them looking down-in-the-mouth and "Oh, *thim!*" I say (me ould mother's Irish blood coming out): "Sure, there's nothing the matter with *that* lot that another juicy money, or maybe a tussle with a take-over bid, wouldn't cure." I always thought I'd feel much the same about billionaires, who are, after all, nothing but millionaires with a few noughts added—but over the billionaire played by M. Yves Montand in *Let's Make Love*, I didn't: I actually felt sorry for him.

I should perhaps, rather have felt sorry for Mr. Frankie Vaughan, who is somewhat out of his depth in this delightful film—or for Miss Marilyn Monroe, who has never before been up against such stiff masculine competition—but no: it was the millionaire—pining to be loved, just for himself alone—who moved me to pity. M. Montand is no Adonis but he is a superb artist of immense charm—and it's my bet that every woman who sees him in his latest role will yearn to comfort him (without a single thought of him in the offing, either).

Jean-Marc Clement (M. Montand, that is), French-born international tycoon, the richest in New York, learns that he is to be held up to ridicule in a little off-Broadway revue. Unannounced, he attends a rehearsal, and straightway falls madly in love with the delectable Miss Monroe—which does not surprise me as, in her beautifully staged "Lolita" number, she is indeed irresistible.

While he is goggling at her, the producer notices M. Montand's striking resemblance to the notorious Jean-Marc Clement and, assuming he is an out-of-work actor, offers him a chance to play this character in the show. M. Montand accepts. Miss Monroe, recognizing him as a novice in the theatre, is sweet and helpful to him in a sisterly way—but (oh! the agony of it for M. Montand!) seems to be passionately devoted to her co-star, Mr. Vaughan.

M. Montand who, preserving his incognito, has by now secretly bought the theatre and a controlling interest in the show, decides that the only way to win Miss Monroe is to impress her as an artist. His

determination to do so leads to his hiring the best tutors—and to the most hilarious sequence in a consistently entertaining film. That excellent comedian, Mr. Milton Berle, puts him through a series of disastrous comedy routines. Mr. Bing Crosby instructs him in the art of putting over romantic numbers: "Dip 'way, 'way down, there," says the Old Groaner: "That's where the money is." And Mr. Gene Kelly struggles valiantly to teach M. Montand to dance. (As M. Montand is one of the most accomplished cabaret entertainers anywhere, his counterfeiting of a total lack of talent amounts to genius.)

The outcome of M. Montand's enterprise—and Miss Monroe's reactions to the inevitable showdown—you really must see for yourself. Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White is splendidly smooth and sly as the billionaire's business adviser, and Mr. Tony Randall, admirable throughout as M. Montand's publicity man, steals one scene outright with a glorious alcoholic outburst against his employer. If you don't enjoy this film—see a doctor.

Mlle. Brigitte Bardot, fully clad and maturing prettily, turns amateur detective in *Come Dance With Me*—a French film with English subtitles. Her efforts to trace the murderer of a blackmailing dance-instructress (Miss Dawn Addams) hamper the Paris police in theirs—but no Frenchman, even a cop, could seriously object to finding something as attractive as Mlle. Bardot underfoot at every turn. This cheerful little who-dun-it has been given an "X" certificate: the only possible reason for this that I could think of is that a homosexual night club (called, if I remember rightly, *Le Fétiche Bleu*) figures in one sequence.

Based on the musical play of the same name, in which Miss Judy Holliday starred on Broadway, *Bells Are Ringing* gives this delightful comedienne a chance to repeat her stage success on the screen. As the amiable girl who works at a telephone-answering bureau and becomes (telephonically) involved in the lives of the clients whose messages she transmits, Miss Holliday is an absolute darling. Her romance with a playboy playwright, Mr. Dean Martin, consti-

tutes the pleasant main plot: the sub-plot concerns a bunch of bookies who use the unsuspecting bureau in the conduct of their illegal business and land Miss Holliday and her innocent colleagues in trouble with the cops.

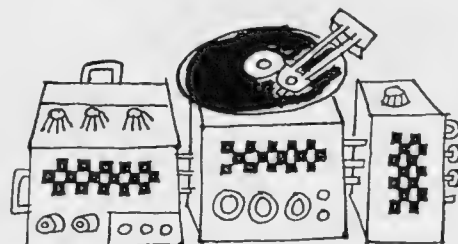
The musical numbers are agreeable, if slight, and the supporting cast impeccable—but it is Miss Holliday's engaging personality that carries the show.

In *Ocean's 11*, Mr. Akim Tamiroff devises an ingenious scheme for robbing five Las Vegas casinos simultaneously. It is carried out,

on the lines of a military operation, by Danny Ocean (Mr. Frank Sinatra) and 11 of his ex-army pals—including Messrs. Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Richard Conte. As five gambling joints are involved, all the elaborate preparations have to be made in quintuplicate. One Las Vegas casino looks so like another (perhaps some satirical point was intended?), I found this rather boring—and long before the macabre ending I had decided that our own *League Of Gentlemen*, which had a similar theme, was much more fun.



FACIAL FOR THE FORAY. Driven by Josh Howard (Sammy Davis, Jr.) three of the gone-sour Commandos of Ocean's 11 blacken their faces before the casino raid. From left: Jimmy Foster (Peter Lawford), Sam Harmon (Dean Martin) Ocean (Frank Sinatra)



RECORDS

Gerald
Lascelles

Teenagers with talent

TWO YEARS AGO THE FESTIVAL organizers at Newport assembled, rehearsed and presented an International Jazz Band, with representatives from most of the jazz-appreciating countries of the world in its ranks. It was a costly project, in terms of travelling expenses and lengthy rehearsal periods. In 1959 they decided to recruit an all-American youth band, whose ages ranged from 14 to 18. I heard their concert, recorded live at Newport (LVA9125), and was suitably impressed. The recording does not do them full justice, but at least their boundless enthusiasm is captured.

The power behind the young men is director Marshall Brown, whose energetic training contributed in no small measure to the band's forceful performance. There are some well-

polished solo spots, and above all a willingness to swing which I have often found lacking in more fully trained and experienced groups. There are faults, mostly in terms of choice of repertoire; the use of too many original numbers weakens their impact, if only because any original piece needs strong soloists to establish and develop a line. Nevertheless the project is a worthwhile one, which may have given some of these young people their first break into jazz.

Jazz Inc. is a ridiculously Americanized title for a British-made album (TAP30) by the ill-fated Tony Crombie band. The eight-piece group produces some exciting, almost big-band sounds, and features some of the brightest jazz in modern vein that I have heard for some time. Mr. Crombie

has only just lived down, in my eyes, the slur of having headed a successful rock 'n' roll group! The tragedy is that the rock group lasted years, whereas the group under review survived only four months before it was forced through lack of work to break up.

This recorded session provides me with the first chance to hear the work of tenor-player Bobby Wellins, one of the more original jazzmen from north of the border, with a broad expressive tone, and an inspiration for solo expression which is quite unusual. I also noted with interest the strong Monk influence in Stan Tracey's piano playing and composing—a resemblance which he still strenuously denies!

Only a few weeks ago I wrote glowingly of Coleman Hawkins's album for Esquire, entitled *Soul*. Now the great maestro of the tenor-

sax returns with another intriguing set (32-102) where he has Charlie Shavers's trumpet and Ray Bryant's piano to keep him company. Shavers has never reached the inspirational heights attained by Hawkins, and he is afflicted by an unfortunately thin top register. In one track, *Stealin' the bean*, they take off together with uninhibited gusto. The remainder of the set does not match Hawkins's solo triumphs in the earlier LP.

The Philips Jazz Gallery continues its excellent series of EPs with a flippant Eddie Condon group of recent vintage (BBE12365) which contrasts fiercely with the extraordinary maturity displayed by Bix Beiderbecke in his 1927 performances of "Golden Age" jazz classics. My firm favourite by this historic band, *I'm coming, Virginia*, is included in BBE12368.

own personality colours every paragraph in the book. She emerges, for one thing, as a serious and dedicated cook who travels on trains with her pepper mill ready to hand. And the only thing in the book which maddens me is that when she takes over Don Otavio's kitchen for two evenings—the cook is poorly from the after-effects of too much tequila—she chooses abominably to keep to herself the secret of exactly what it was she cooked.

What is special about this book—apart from its wit, its affection, and the strength of its personal signature—is that in its pages you can watch a writer practising to be a novelist. Each character (the author's too), each episode is sieved through the fine net of a novelist's technique, and if you share my addiction for great passages of dialogue, this is your book. I can't imagine it not being everyone's book anyway. It has been my particular treasure ever since its first appearance, and in its new guise it provides all the happiness of welcoming back an old friend in a brand-new hat.

Every word Miss Bedford writes carries her own quality. The same could be said for *Belle Out of Order* by Belle Livingstone, queen of the New York speakeasies in the 20s, with the major difference that Miss Bedford is a highly professional writer and Miss Livingstone lavished style upon life rather than on prose. The book is a wide-screen, rambling, and, to put it mildly, colourful blow-by-blow documentary on how Miss Livingstone (who took her stage name from Mr. Stanley's explorer friend) was found under a sunflower in Kansas in 1875, rose to fame with the help of her poetic legs, and cut a wide swathe through Edwardian London, Paris and Monte Carlo. She was frequently to be found sharing jokes with the future Edward VII, and well-heeled peers were in the habit of sending her jewels nestling in bouquets. She lost several fortunes, married four times, sold liquor to parched Americans during Prohi-

bition, and paid an enforced and disagreeable visit to Harlem jail. It is not without interest as a sidelight on the raffish, tomorrow-is-another-day fringe of high, heartless and pointless society, and sometimes gave me the odd feeling it might have been written by the heroine of *The Young Visitors* while under the influence of bootleg gin.

I found it anything but cheerful—a brash, untender footnote on a world that paid generously for favours received with cheque or banknote or jewelled posy, but never with genuine love.

This being Ladies' Week, I have room to recommend *The Haunting of Hill House*, a slight but beautifully written and truly unnerving ghost story by Shirley Jackson, who most often writes about wild, unghostly home life with the Jackson children but will be remembered for her one flawless and horrifying short story *The Lottery*, which remains her single masterpiece. As one defeated by the technicalities of advanced studies in Science Fiction at its parent, I have an old-fashioned craving for a ghost-story once in a way, and this one, in spite of the fact that the author explains rather less than one would like, is splendid value for a nice rainy day on the beach.

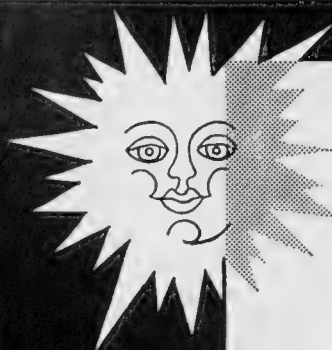
And, though I remained perplexed about what Miss Pamela Frankau was really up to in the very rum *Road Through the Woods* it too has a soothing hypnotic quality perfect for killing time on branch-lines. There is a boy with a lost memory, one of those old Irish houses with mysterious power, a repressed female dragon, a troubled tycoon revisiting the scene of the crime, a sturdy girl who doesn't want to be a nun, and any amount of agonizing in traditional Roman Catholic attitudes. It left me pretty dazed, but then I am unaccustomed to the sort of world in which young women of 17 speak of "my Faith" as "the best and the most exciting and wholly delicious thing in the world."



Pepper mill in her luggage

FOR SOME YEARS NOW I HAVE cunningly evaded many a subtle attempt made by friends to borrow my copy of *A Sudden View*, a book I very much liked to feel was about the place if at any time I suddenly needed a tonic. This month it has been reprinted under another title—to me flatter, but the book itself is the same and as good as ever: *A Visit to Don Otavio* and it was written by Sybille Bedford before she became famous as the author of *A Legacy*.

A Visit to Don Otavio is a luminous, bright-eyed, funny and wonderfully perceptive account of a visit to Mexico, and the bulk of the book is taken up with a prolonged visit to a house by a lake, where the air is alive with brilliant birds, 17 servants look after the guests and each other when not recovering from squabbles involving knives, and the author's host is the eccentric and adorable Don Otavio of the title. Miss Bedford has an enormously idiosyncratic point of view, and her



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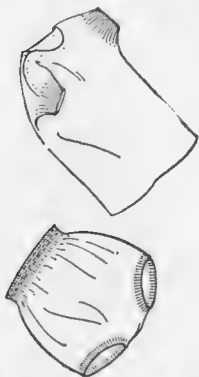
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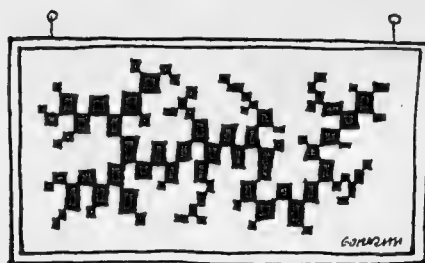
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GALLERIES

Alan Roberts



Picture-tasting in France

WHATEVER ROUTE YOU TAKE THE road to the Côte d'Azur is lined with art exhibitions, and the conscientious art critic is likely to get no holiday at all if he allows himself to be beguiled by posters advertising shows in every town of any size, all the way from Boulogne to St. Tropez.

Having resisted these blandishments for 400 miles we finally succumbed to an appeal to view paintings by "Gilles" in the casino at Bourbon-Lancy. But the necessary deviation from a pre-planned and tightly scheduled route was justified only by the discovery that this snob-named, handsome township is a flourishing *eau thermal* centre for the treatment of rheumatism, and not at all by M. Gilles' oil and water clichés.

Thus bitten we made a point of accelerating every time the word "*peintures*" tried to catch our eye thereafter until, in the leafy shade of Salon-en-Provence (whose fern and moss-enveloped fountain far excels the more famous ones of Aix), a 30-ft.-long banner shouted irresistibly, "*10 peintres Provençaux—Exposition à l'Hôtel de Ville.*"

Throughout our half-hour stay no other visitor joined us. Presumably there was just no one else in Salon that day who is paid to do this sort of thing. Certainly there was little among the 100-odd pictures to persuade the unpaid visitor to stay if he had come.

None of the 10 artists lived up to the promise of the proud title *peintre Provençal* and all it has implied since Cézanne. Few, indeed, even lived up to the promise of their own euphonious names—Modiano, Perthous, Camille, Barillon, etc.

Twice bitten we pressed on to Aix, that pleasantly surprising city that snubbed its most famous artist—son and now, through its own folly, has little more than a few paltry souvenirs to show the thousands of avid Cézanne pilgrims who pour into it. Each summer now it tries to make amends for having rejected its legacy of works by the Master by mounting important loan exhibitions of other masters at the Pavillon de Vendôme. Last year the exhibition was of works by Van Gogh, this year Matisse is the man.

The Pavillon was given by Louis XIV to his cousin the Duc de Vendôme, on appointing him Governor of Provence. But the Duc never lived in it. A gentle and pious nobleman, he was in love with a local girl so beautiful that throughout Provence she was known as *La Belle du Canet*.

When both the girl's husband, the Seigneur du Canet, and the Duc's duchesse conveniently died the lovers wanted to marry and set up home in the Pavillon. But the King did not approve and resorted to the extraordinary ruse of appealing to the Pope to make his cousin a cardinal and so condemn him to celibacy. The Duc accepted the honour and installed his mistress in the Pavillon alone.

Few mistresses in history have been more handsomely housed. Nor, for that matter, have many one-man art shows. It is therefore only a little disappointing to find, after having travelled 700 miles to get here, that Aix's Matisse exhibition is not, as we fondly hoped, comparable with the Picasso one we left behind in London.

It does not pretend to be a retrospective, but it still covers, however cursorily, most of the years from 1896, when he was 27 and had been painting only five years, to 1954 when he died. It shows him impatient to throw off an academic style even before he had half-acquired it. And it shows in two tapestries woven at Beauvais, and in several paper *collages*, the ultimate simplicity (often so dangerously near banality) to which his life's search led him.

So I find it comforting to be reminded by this exhibition, that even while he was convinced that the cutting of coloured paper with scissors was the answer to his prayer for a medium which would make possible an immaculate, unadulterated marriage between colour and form, he continued to draw with a line of unsurpassed sensuousness and freedom. This is proved by the masterly calligraphy of several brush drawings of girls' heads, the book illustrations to Ronsard and Charles d'Orléans (done when he was 80), and a large nude of breathtaking simplicity in red chalk.



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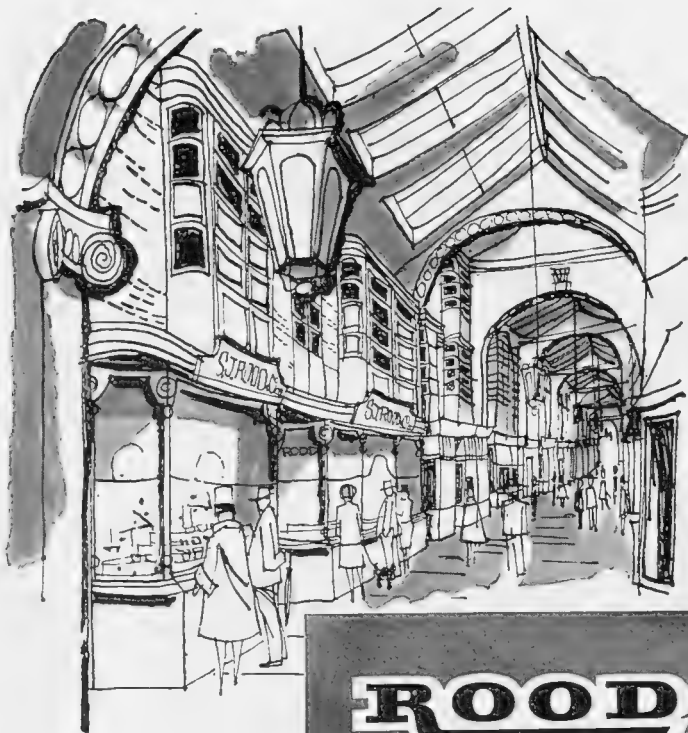
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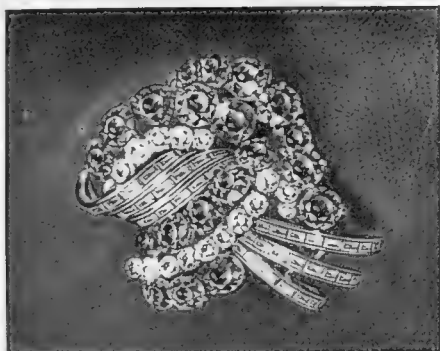
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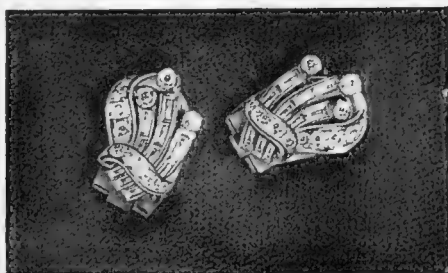
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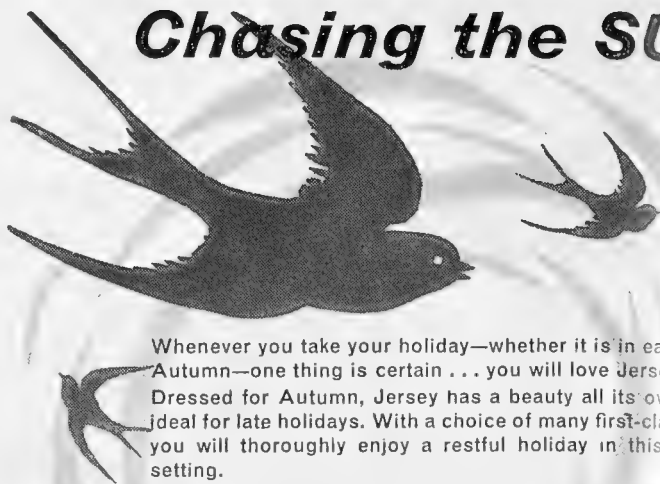
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GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

First folio on beauty

A SCREW GIRL just out of school is unsure, un-pretty and un-grown up. She has usually been taught everything bar how to promote a pretty face. For school days it was enough to be clean and tidy, but the world outside goes by appearances.

For any girl who isn't well up on make-up, I recommend for holiday packing Elizabeth Arden's just-on-sale *Disc-Course on Beauty*: 29s. 6d. Worth and marvellous value along with a bottle of *Milky Liquid Cleanser* and *Ardena Skin Tonic*, a jar of *Velva Cream* and *Rose Rachel Feather-light foundation* plus a box of *Invisible Veil Powder No. 5*, a jumbo lipstick in *Ananda Pink* and miniatures of *Eight Hour Cream* and *Pearly Striking Blue Eye Shado*. But the icing is the record which gives instructions on how to cleanse, tone, nourish and make-up with the beauty kit.

A crop of curls is enviable in school but outside it's not, and the best thing for a hairdresser to get going on is a clean, shiny, straight head of hair. If it's wild and woolly a girl can have it straightened, but fine or thick it's best to have it cut by an expert and learn how to set it up on rollers. There won't always be time or inclination while still in school or just out for a weekly visit. A girl with hair that looks good short should go for the new near-shingles. It's worth spending time on, because if her hair looks good, so will the rest of her.

Vital by Atkinsons is a conditioner for all types and a dandruff treatment too—good value for 3s. 9d. One of the best hair sprays in the shops is the new *Style and Stay* by Richard Hudnut. It gives gentle, unsticky control for 10s. 6d., which buys a giant can.

Deodorants should be used from the age of 13 on for complete freshness, and *Arvid* is a good one to know about because it has lanolin built in to protect the skin and is effective for 25 hours. Put on before you go to bed, it begins its efficient work while you sleep. A bottle of roll-in lotion with a top like a giant Biro costs 4s. 9d.

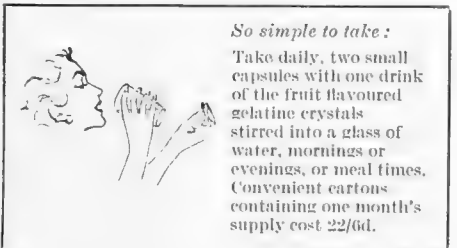
Yardley have long been interested in helping the young. Their Teenage Club has jumped to the 40,000 membership mark and they give country-wide lectures to school-leavers on good grooming from top to toe. Entry to the club is available to anyone who fills in the form in the magazine *Junior Miss*, which is an immensely helpful source of information on anything from careers to looks. Members are kept informed of new products and often get a sample of new colour. They write in and are sure of expert advice in the form of leaflets and samples of colours to match fabrics, etc.

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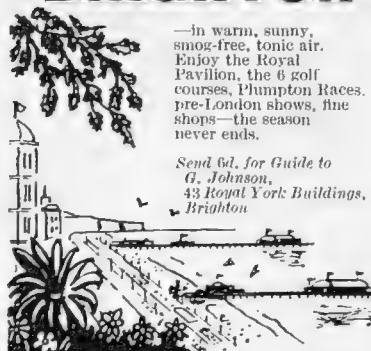


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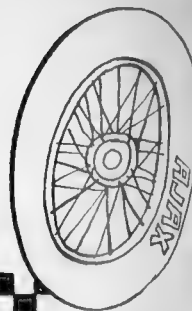
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MOTORING

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What a Ferrari feels like

ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO FERRARI swept the board at Le Mans with six cars in the first seven. Four of them were the 250 Gran Turismo model, privately owned. Now Stirling Moss has just led the T.T. at Goodwood from start to finish in the same model. It is clearly quite a car.

The 3-litre 250 G.T. has been in production for some years now and has been steadily refined. It is much quieter and more comfortable than it used to be and it was a big step forward when Dunlop disc brakes replaced the original big drums.

There are several different body styles, all built primarily for competition use, with soundproofing subordinated to speed. The last example I drove was one of the coupés by Pinin Farina (who has also recently produced a four-seater saloon).

This is speed and luxury for two; there is no question of carrying three abreast because of the big tunnel over the gearbox, surmounted by a short rigid gear lever, an ashtray and several small switches. The instrument panel is soberly finished in non-reflecting black, with hoods over the big speedometer and revolution counter and smaller dials ranged alongside. The steering wheel is rather small, with three polished duralumin spokes and a beautifully fashioned wooden rim. The two seats, with adjustable backrests, are carefully shaped to give adequate lateral support on fast corners. The driving position is natural and easy and the pedals are correctly spaced to allow use of heel and toe on accelerator and brake. The hand falls straight from the wheel to the central gear lever which controls a beautiful all-synchromesh gearbox. The gear changes can be made quick as thought with a finger pressure on the lever, and the indirect gears make no noise. Behind the seats is a platform for small luggage and the trunk holds the cases needed for transcontinental travel. It is obviously a car designed for serious use.

But it is only when the starter wakes those 12 cylinders to life that one begins to appreciate the unique character of the Ferrari. The engine is unbelievably smooth—so much so that it is impossible to imagine that 12 pistons and connecting rods,

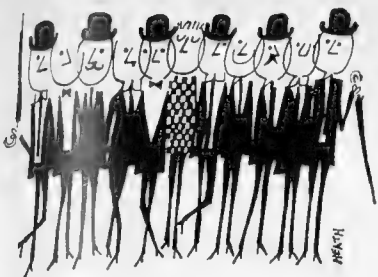
24 valves and rockers and three twin-choke carburettors are working madly under that long, low bonnet. It feels more like some sort of turbine, but unlike a turbine it answers instantly to the controls. It responds to the accelerator like a tiger snarling at the tuner's whip and the rev counter needle goes racing round the dial.

Treating the Ferrari as a high-powered sports car, a short, rasping burst of power takes it up to 50 m.p.h. in first; it will do 5 in second and over 100 in third. It reaches the 100 in well under 20 seconds, so this is a speed that can be used on quite short stretches of clear road.

However, there is another side to the Ferrari's character. Bring it down to 12 miles an hour in top gear, and then, as the traffic clears, tramp on the accelerator. It surges away as though drawn swiftly on some invisible cable, without tremors or vibration. There is probably no other engine in the world which combines the ability to flash up to 7,000 r.p.m. in the gears, with this supple top-gear performance.

The car understeers slightly, so one takes fast corners in one sweep, without juggling with the wheel, but there is always power available to help the tail round if necessary. Good road-holding and perfect steering at high speeds are only to be expected from a factory that has built so many successful racing cars, but the comfort of the ride over poor surfaces is surprising, and with the dampers set for fast touring high speeds can be maintained over quite bumpy roads.

Of course this is not a car to be left standing out in all weathers. It needs proper care and for anyone interested in fine engineering a peep under the bonnet is sheer joy. Of various acquaintances who have owned 250 G.T.s I can recall one who swore that he needed different plugs for town and country driving and another who was forever having his carburettors adjusted. So if you require a car which will stand up to neglect and still perform in all weathers, the 250 G.T. is not for you. But if you appreciate a superb machine and have the facilities to ensure that it is properly maintained, it is a possession that can provide immense pleasure, with top speeds from about 135-160 m.p.h. according to style.



MAN'S WORLD

Johnathon
Radcliffe

IT MAY come as a surprise to many women (and to some men too) to know that a man who cares about his hair goes through much the same ritual as they do: individual styling, special shampoos, hair nets, dryers (hand ones, anyway), and something not far removed from a set. A man can get these attentions at any one of a growing number of small hairdressing establishments that specialize in the "by appointment" customer. And let me stress at once that "sir" becomes distinctly unpopular if he lets the time between appointments grow too long—and his hair with it.

There are several reasons why these small establishments are thriving. For a start there is the nuisance of queueing at the ordinary barber's, and the undependability of the haircut. Then there is the appeal of a craftsman service; no two heads of hair are quite the same, and a perfectly groomed appearance needs individual styling. In the hands of a skilled barber a low forehead can be made to seem higher, prominent ears made to appear less so, and so on. And, as any woman knows, best results depend on letting the same hairdresser do the cutting—not casually moving to whoever's chair happens to be vacant.

Another good reason why the fastidious man prefers the specialist establishment is the abject standard of hygiene still prevailing in so many of the normal shops—unsterilized brushes used too often, grubby towels, and suspect towels.

While on the subject of cleanliness perhaps it is only fair to mention a criticism that all too many hairdressers have of the customer. A man who may be impeccable in every other respect will still neglect to wash his hair often enough. Apart from anything else this is bad for the hair, which harbours dust, germs, and perhaps dandruff. It should certainly be shampooed twice a week, at least if the man lives in town.

About 25 years ago Michael (Collins) claimed to have introduced the first real individuality into men's hairdressing; and he was probably right, for though there are far older-established shops where the customer was always treated as an individual, the customer himself was too conservative to allow much scope. This resistance still exists to some extent today, and for that reason you will still be told at Trumpers that there has been no change in men's hairdressing, and that there is unlikely to be any as

far as they are concerned. Fortunately, the idea is at last being overcome that there is something effeminate—or theatrical anyway—about anything more elaborate than the regulation trim. Not counting ambitious effects like the Perry Como, the Italian style, or the Olympic haircut ("Very current, sir"), and of course not forgetting the INDIVIDUAL, the general trend seems to be towards shorter hair cut to look longer. As your hair gains on you at the rate of half an inch a month this requires two appointments with your barber every 30 days.

Prices? Though they have changed from the days when Samuel Pepys could pay his barber £1 a year to keep his periwig in shape, the cost of a haircut and shampoo in London is still low compared with overseas levels. For individual attention (including shampoo) an average charge in the West End will be between 10 and 15 shillings. For extras like tinting and dyeing (discreet answers to greying) the price may be as high as two guineas.

And so, though we're still a long way from a revival of the luxuriant Victorian Age (when half an hour was nothing to iron a good moustache, and every high-class establishment employed a hatter), there are many signs that men's hairdressing is at last escaping from the military uniformity of the "short back and sides" era.

Some appointment-only specialists: *Trumpers*, Curzon Street, W.1. (GRO 1850). "Our customers have always worn their hair long." Conservative; *Laurie & Jones*, Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (WHI 6970). No longer has a hatter's shop; *Thomas*, Duke Street, S.W.1. (WHI 5013). Eton School barber—a good stock of regimental magazines; *Kurt*, Aldford House, Park Lane (MAY 2957). Highly executive atmosphere. Much favoured by advertising people; *Washington Hotel* (GRO 7030). Ask for Mr. Saphier (any topic from politics to literature); *Michael*, Panton Street, S.W.1. (TRA 2949). Valet service, shower, bath, telephone and physiotherapy. Even an individual card system; *David's*, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, S.W.1. (REG 2043). Theatrical, but not only; *Ivan's*, Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (REG 1370). Extremely creative, with the individual approach. Stage and screen celebrities; *Beattys*, Cambridge. Next door but one to the Pitt Club. Good place to discuss beagles

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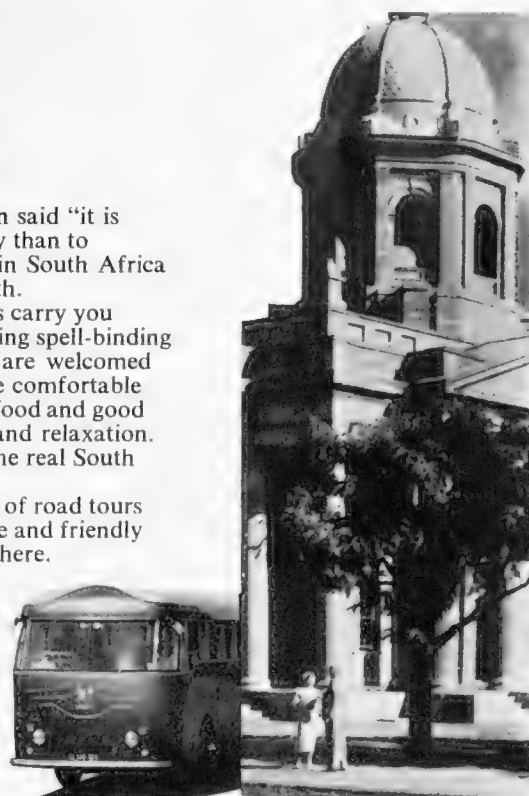


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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Time-&-motion menu

LAST WEEK I REFERRED TO A gourmet-amateur cook who thinks that we cookery writers should be more explicit. I confess that we are apt to neglect the times of preparation and deal only with the oven or top-of-the-cooker times, so here is a meal I served last week, with its time-table.

Vegetable Purée; *Sole Bonne Femme*; May boiled potatoes with butter and chopped parsley; Green Salad; Cheese; Baked Alaska.

Everything for four people had to be thought in—the mixed vegetable, 3 good-sized filleted soles together with their bones (4 would be better), 3 oz. small white mushrooms, a family brick of vanilla-flavoured ice cream and a Swiss roll for its base, mixed fruits such as peaches, pears and oranges, and brandy, Kirsch or sherry for flavouring them.

For a meal to be served at 7.30 p.m., start with the soup at 5 o'clock. The preparation should not take longer than 20 to 25 minutes. Roughly chop 1½ lb. mixed vegetables, including leek, onion, potatoes, carrot, celery and tomatoes. Simmer them in 2 walnuts of butter to coat them with it. Work in a small teaspoon of sugar and a teaspoon of flour. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a little freshly-milled pepper. Add 1 quart hot water, cover and simmer for 1 hour. Work all through a sieve or reduce to a *purée* in an electric liquidizer. Correct seasoning. The soup can now be reheated when it is required.

Meanwhile, as the soup is cooking, prepare the *court bouillon* for the sole. Put the washed bones into a saucepan with a couple of sprays of parsley, a chopped small onion, a little salt and water to cover. Boil for 20 minutes.

And now prepare the potatoes and wash and dry the lettuce for the salad. This latter can be placed in the salad bowl and covered with a cloth and the dressing made ready.

Get the base of the Baked Alaska ready. Unwind enough of the Swiss roll to leave a margin all round the ice cream brick when it is added later on. Place it on a glass oven plate, sprinkle it with whatever liquor is selected and put it aside. Add a little more liquor to about a

cupful of the chosen fruit, sweeten to taste and put in refrigerator.

Put the potatoes on to boil and chop about 3 tablespoons of parsley.

By this time, it is round about 6.30 p.m. and not too soon to get the fish fillets ready.

Thickly butter an oven dish and slice the unpeeled mushrooms into it. Sprinkle them with a little parsley and 3 tablespoons of dry white wine. Lightly tap each fish fillet, then fold them so that they "stay put" in the dish. Arrange them over the mushrooms and cover them closely with butter paper, butter side down. Strain in enough of the boiling fish stock to cover, put on the lid and bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6.

Meanwhile, melt a good walnut of butter in a smallish saucepan, and in it cook a teaspoon of flour, without colouring it, to make a *roux*. Strain into it a good cupful of the fish stock and simmer to thicken the sauce, adding a little more strained stock if it becomes thicker than thin cream. Finally, add another walnut of butter and a teaspoon or so of chopped parsley. After removing the paper, pour this over the fish and slip it at a fair distance under a lowish grill.

Strain the potatoes, add a walnut or so of butter to them and a little chopped parsley and keep hot.

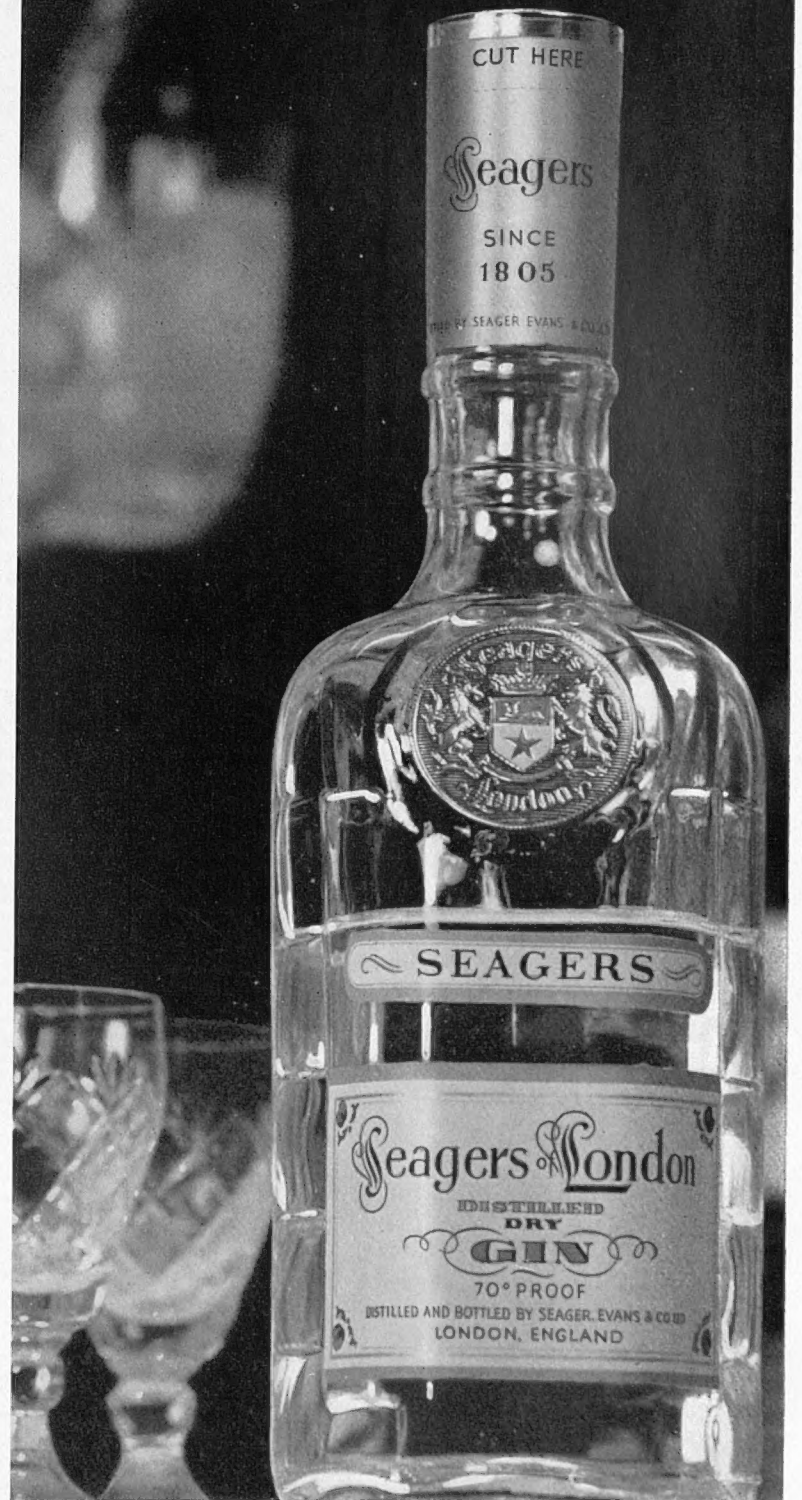
Reheat the soup and serve it with cheese straws (bought).

At the last minute, turn on the grill heat to hottest and the soles will brown in ½ minute. Dish up and serve with the potatoes and salad, dressed at table.

Before leaving the kitchen, heat the oven to 450 to 475 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8 to 9.

To finish off the Baked Alaska: Whip 3 egg whites until very stiff. Sprinkle 3 rounded tablespoons of caster sugar over them and whip again until they hold a sharp peak. Place the ice cream brick on the Swiss roll, spoon the fruit over it and seal all with the meringue, seeing that there are no little holes or gaps anywhere. Pop into the very hot oven for 3 minutes flat, when the meringue should be nicely browned and the ice cream still frozen. Serve with sponge fingers or not-too-sweet biscuits.

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